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# EERIE

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MAY  
NO. 9

A WARREN MAGAZINE

35¢



Enter a world of doom with "The Wanderer"



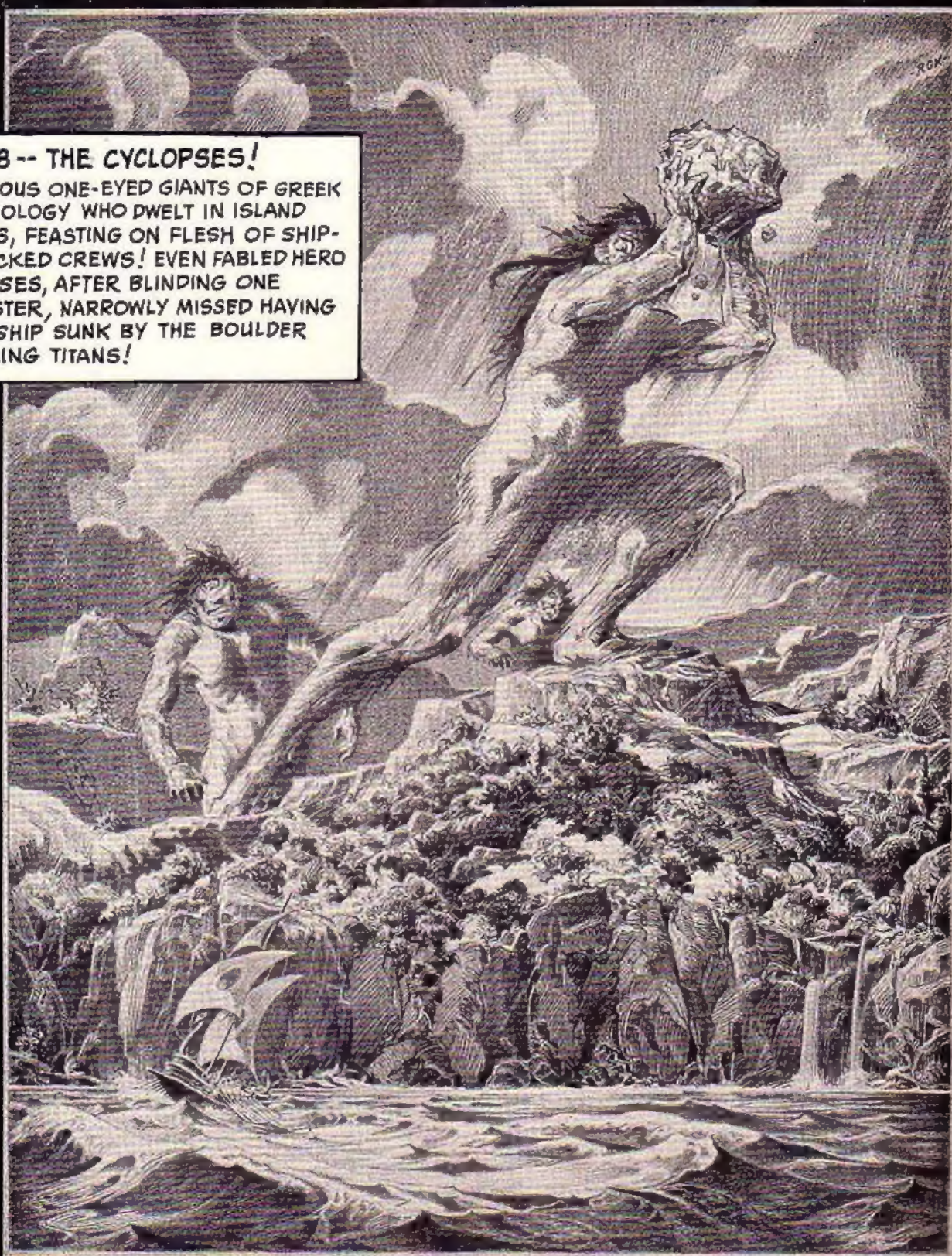


ANOTHER SLITHERING SELECTION IN OUR SEETHING SERIES OF MACABRE MONSTERPIECES IN...

# EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

## NO. 8 -- THE CYCLOPSES!

HIDEOUS ONE-EYED GIANTS OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY WHO DWELT IN ISLAND CAVES, FEASTING ON FLESH OF SHIP-WRECKED CREWS! EVEN FABLED HERO ULYSSES, AFTER BLINDING ONE MONSTER, NARROWLY MISSED HAVING HIS SHIP SUNK BY THE BOULDER HURLING TITANS!



ART BY ROY G. KRENKEL



# EERIE

NO. 9

PUBLISHER: James Warren

ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER: Richard Conway

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin

COVER: Dan Adkins

LETTERING: Ben Oda

STAFF ARTISTS: Neal Adams, Dan Adkins, Eugene Colan, Johnny Craig, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Jerry Grandenetti, Rocco Mastrosiero, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson, Wallace Wood



## CONTENTS

### MONSTER GALLERY

Pulsating pin-ups by our demon draftsmen.....

2



### FAIR EXCHANGE

Hubert Mannix regains his youth by changing bodies.....

5



### RUB THE LAMP

A wish-granting lamp gives its owner more than he bargained for....

14



### TERROR IN THE TOMB

In a forbidden crypt, two men duel with a mummy.....

44



### THE WANDERER

From a hospital morgue, a dead man walks.....

30



### ISLE OF THE BEAST

On Rochefort's island, the favorite prey is Man.....

38



### AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

Ambrose Bierce's classic tale of terror.....

45



### EXPERIMENT IN FEAR

Human guinea pigs are used by a Nazi scientist.....

52

# DEAR COUSIN EERIE



Once again, demoniacal devotees, our pulsating presses pound early, and once again we must compose a letters page without your prized comments on the previous issue, which we'll include next time. Meanwhile here's some more weird words on EERIE #7:

Due to a belated introduction to your mags by Michael Delong Esq., I am now hooked on your fabulous mags. Concerning EERIE #7, the Frazetta cover was breathtaking. How does he do it? My favorite stories were "Cry Fear, Cry Phantom" and "Witches Tide." By the way, Jerry Grandenetti and Dan Adkins are two of my favorite newcomers as Jerry worked for Marvel and Dan was with Tower. So let's see more of them! Well, I just want to say that your mags are a source of intense pleasure to me and my friends. Keep publishing forever!

Jim Allen  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Frank does it with oil paints most of the time, Jim . . . And both Jerry and Dan have jolting jobs these issues—CE

Having just finished reading issue #7, I feel the need to express some comments. So here they are for what they're worth:

It is appropriate to first comment upon the cover. I did not think it was one of Mr. Frazetta's better works. There appeared to be much darkness and not enough detail on the characters. Having long admired Mr. Colan's work, I must admit I was prejudiced upon reading "Witches Tide," but it still possessed a good plot, though a

predictable ending. Dan Adkins is becoming a rising artist in the field of fantasy with a good style (having an apparent Wood influence). His fine work was shown in "It That Lurks" (A good title). Unfortunately, it was a weak story, having a basically sound plot with a confused ending. "Hitchhike Horror" was one of the better stories of the issue. Good plot, good action, and a good ending made it so. The artwork was unusual in style, but then again, I'm unacquainted with Mr. Castellon's work.

Johnny Craig ranks among my favorite artists. He combines a style of fine line design mixed well with fine shading. "The Defense Rests" also ranked as one of the better stories. "Fly" was one of the worst stories of the issue. Steve Ditko's art was not up to par and the story, even though the first pages held some excitement, was ruined with a bad ending. "The Quest" was a fair story, having a predictable ending. Donald Norman's art was pretty good. "Cry Fear, Cry Phantom" was a good story. It could have been improved with a different artist, though I have nothing against Mr. Grandenetti.

I always save good things for last. That good thing is the Monster Gallery. It was one of the best. Gray Morrow is sensational. On the whole, EERIE #7 was not one of the best issues, but it did have some fine stories. I'm hoping that EERIE has many future successes.

David Salamon  
Plainview, New York

Judging from the run of letters on issue #7, most of our FIENDISH FANS wouldn't agree with all your opinions, Davey, but don't let that throw you . . . It's been CENTURIES since anyone agreed with me (I spend a lot of time with Uncle Creepy)—CE

Frazetta's cover illustrating "Witches Tide" was the best he's done for any of the Warren comic magazines, and I've seen them all. The positioning of the figure, the crashing waves, the most effective use of gloomy color, everything was perfect. The other high spot of issue #7 was "The Defense Rests." This piece was somewhat reminiscent of the EC Picto-Fiction stuff Craig did. Personally, I'd rather read a story in this presentation than with balloons. The balloons in a way seem to impair the maturity of a well written, well illustrated fantasy. Let's have more. Why incidentally, did Craig use the name "Jay Tacey" instead of his own? . . .

In closing, one final suggestion, Stay in business. CREEPY, EERIE, and MAD are all that keep me going.

Dick Voll  
Portland, Oregon

Due to other commitments at the time he began working for us, Johnny was unable to use his real name, and we were only too happy to have his fine art and writing under ANY name—CE

I had always thought that EERIE was just the usual run of the mill monster trash. However, I was hard up for something to read so I picked up EERIE #7 and opened it. I was completely surprised at what I found. Good horror stories, art, and the funny introductions all agreed with me. The number one story was "Witches Tide" which I enjoyed mainly because of Eugene Colan's art. He has no peer. Next was "Fly" (both script and art), and the third was "The Quest." All were really enjoyable with the possible exception of "Hitchhike Horror" because it was hard to follow.

Gary L. Robinson  
Troy, Ohio

Another convert! But, for shame, G.L., thinking we were the usual run of the mill monster trash . . . EERIE is SUPERIOR monster trash!—CE

EERIE #7 is the first of your mags I've seen, much less procured. Thus, drawing upon my long experience as a student of occultism and weird literature, I shall be honored to give you this enumeration of my comments on the issue:

I feel the two best stories were "The Quest" and "Hitchhike Horror," in that order. I enjoyed immensely Fredor's revenge on the neurotic Baron. It had a tremendous moral impact. "HH" I would have liked, but the end was too much of a shock—Maybe I shouldn't presume, but I feel the good artist (and a good writer IS an artist) should be able to subtly point to the climax without showing it, but NOT, I repeat, NOT completely mislead the reader as Goodwin did in this story. The ending to "It That Lurks" was, let's face it, a bit ridiculous. I can see Sernas going out into the mud after his dinosaur, but I cannot for the life of me see Ramsey going after an apparition of his wife when he knew full well she was thousands of miles away, and he also knew what would happen if he went into the water. I genuinely liked the story and plot, even though it is rather an old one, up till page 18.

Undoubtedly, and it usually happens this way, one story was a complete mess, "The Fly." I am very hesitant about openly putting down a fellow writer's work, but that story really has got to go. Nothing seemed to fit whatsoever, such as the fly getting in that kook's ear. I can't, no matter how hard I try, fit that in. I suppose one could plea that the man was dreaming and jumped out the window in his sleep, or was completely mad. If you use that explanation, I would bring out another—The story was much too blatant. The good ones I mentioned were the subtle ones. Now, as for artwork, I laud it. The artists you have working for you are quite good. In terms of individual stories, "The Quest" again ranks first. "It That Lurks" and "The Defense Rests" tie at second.

Summing up, artwork is excellent—keep it up. The stories could stand some improvement. I'd like to see more of a psychological twist. The pure gothic tale such as "Cry Fear, Cry Phantom" is a bit much and out of date. Let's try to keep down Cousin Eerie's creepy puns; some of them made me cringe. Mr. Archie Goodwin wrote all but "The Defense Rests." Does he have a monopoly on the magazine? Or don't you have any other writers? I realize he's the editor, but Editors are paid to edit not to write the entire book! Why don't you get some new blood (Sorry, Freudian slip!) into the pages? One last word: Frank Frazetta's cover was EXCELLENT! I may not have bought the magazine but for the cover. If you ever decide to sell pictures, I'll cast my vote for the cover of EERIE #7.

Ron D. Johnson  
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

P.S. If you intend to print this letter, enlarge your letter section. When I write a critique, I don't mess around. If you print this, I'll be obliged to write you one every issue.

Is that a promise or a threat, Ron? For the record, Editor Goodwin is paid both to edit AND write. (Naturally, he isn't paid money . . . Just a bone or two every now and then). In the comics field, it's not an unusual practice, most of the best writers have been editors—CE

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to:  
EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 9,  
420 Lexington Avenue, New  
York, N.Y. 10017

OLD AGE CREEPING  
UP ON YOU,  
COUSINS? FIND  
YOU CAN'T  
KEEP PACE  
WITH THE  
YOUNGER  
GENERATION  
OF FIENDS?

PERHAPS YOU'LL  
APPRECIATE THE  
SOLUTION  
HUBERT MANNIX  
ARRIVES AT, WHEN  
HE MAKES WHAT  
LOOKS LIKE A  
.....

YOU GLARE AT THE  
DOCTOR WITH WEARY  
DISGUST...YOU'VE COME  
TOO FAR, TOO NEAR  
SUCCESS, TO BE HELD  
UP BY THIS WHITE-  
SMOCKED JELLYFISH...

COURTNEY, YOU FOOL,  
WHAT'S WRONG? DON'T YOU HAVE  
EVERYTHING YOU NEED? I SET UP  
THIS LABORATORY FOR YOU, PRO-  
VIDED YOUR HUMAN GUINEA PIGS...  
THIS IS YOUR **BIG CHANCE**,  
WHY HESITATE?!

I-I KEEP  
THINKING ABOUT  
THIS BOY...YOU  
STAND TO GAIN  
FROM THE  
OPERATION,  
MR. MANNIX,  
BUT FOR HIM...  
IT'LL JUST BE...  
**MURDER!**

F  
A  
R  
E  
X  
C  
H  
A  
N  
G  
E



THAT'S WHY  
YOU'RE GETTING  
**THIS**, COURTNEY!  
THE BULK OF MY  
FORTUNE...DON'T  
THINK ABOUT MURDER  
...THINK ABOUT THE  
CAREER YOU CAN HAVE  
WITH THIS BEHIND  
YOU!

I-I NEVER  
DREAMED  
THEY EVEN  
PRINTED BILLS  
OF THAT  
DENOMINATION...

...I'LL DO IT! BUT IT'S  
GOING TO BE RISKY, MR.  
MANNIX. I WARNED YOU  
BEFORE, I'VE ONLY  
EXPERIMENTED...

AT MY AGE, COURTNEY,  
I CAN'T LOSE! JUST MAKE  
SURE MY FELLOW GUINEA  
PIG'S IN GOOD HEALTH,  
WHILE I GET READY...

YOU CHOSE  
QUITE WELL,  
MR. MANNIX...  
HE'S IN RE-  
MARKABLE  
CONDITION!  
SURPRISINGLY  
SO CONSIDERING  
THE POTENCY OF  
THE DRUG...

FOR A WHILE I  
THOUGHT IT WASN'T  
GOING TO WORK...  
AND I GAVE HIM  
ENOUGH TO PUT  
A HERD OF  
ELEPHANTS INTO  
A COMA...

...LET'S GET  
STARTED BEFORE  
HE PULLS OUT  
OF IT!

THERE'S STILL  
TIME TO RECONSIDER,  
MR. MANNIX...

THE ONLY THING I MIGHT  
RECONSIDER IS THE AMOUNT  
I'M PAYING YOU, COURTNEY...  
**GET ON WITH IT!** I'VE  
GOTTEN VERY SICK OF THIS  
BODY IN A LIFETIME...

VERY WELL,  
MR. MANNIX...

...IT WON'T  
BURDEN YOU  
MUCH  
LONGER!

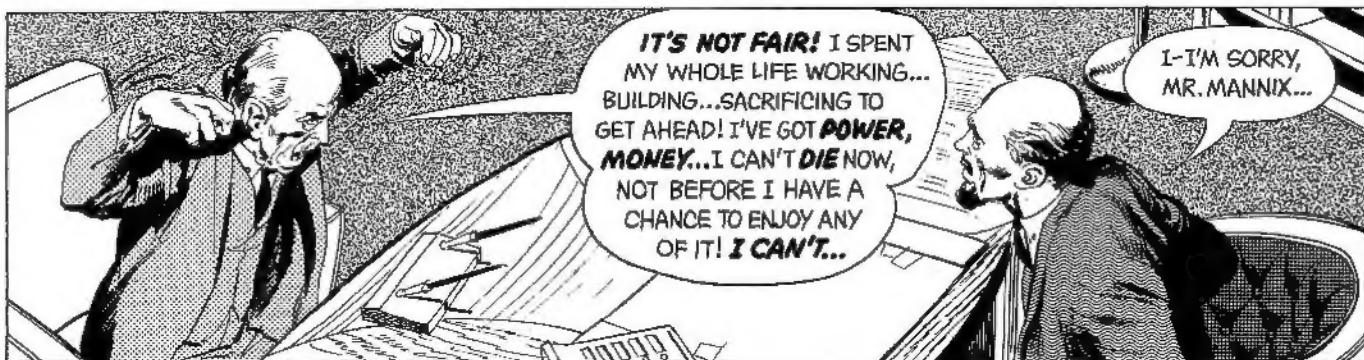
THE SLOW HISS OF GAS  
BEGINS TO THUNDER IN YOUR  
EARS, AND YOUR MIND GIVES IN  
TO A KALEIDOSCOPE OF THOUGHT  
AND MEMORY...



...AND YOU LEAVE THE PRESENT, RETREATING IN TIME TO ANOTHER DAY, AND ANOTHER DOCTOR...

...DIE? I'M GOING TO DIE?! B-BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOUGH... HEALTHY...

MR. MANNIX, AT YOUR AGE, THE BODY IS FAILING, DETERIORATING ...IT DOESN'T FIGHT DISEASE AS IT USED TO...YOU ASKED FOR THE TRUTH...AT BEST, YOU HAVE, PERHAPS... **A YEAR...**



**IT'S NOT FAIR!** I SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE WORKING... BUILDING...SACRIFICING TO GET AHEAD! I'VE GOT **POWER, MONEY...** I CAN'T **DIE** NOW, NOT BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO ENJOY ANY OF IT! **I CAN'T...**

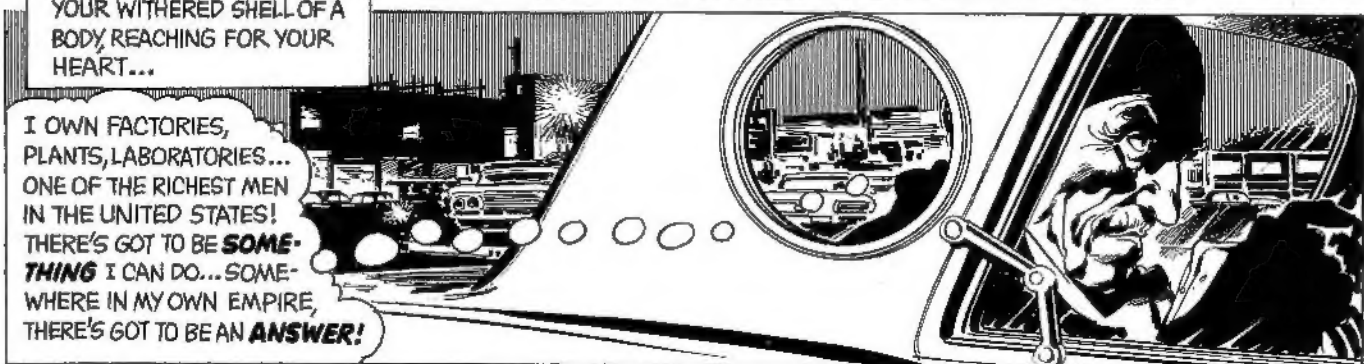
I-I'M SORRY, MR. MANNIX...



I WON'T **ACCEPT** IT! I DIDN'T GET TO WHERE I AM TODAY BY GIVING UP! SOME WAY, SOMEHOW, I'LL GET AROUND **THIS** JUST LIKE I HAVE EVERYTHING ELSE!

AGAIN, YOU CAN FEEL THE ANGER, THE FRUSTRATION, THE FEAR THAT GRIPPED YOU ON THAT DAY, CLAWING AT YOUR WITHERED SHELL OF A BODY, REACHING FOR YOUR HEART...

I OWN FACTORIES, PLANTS, LABORATORIES... ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE UNITED STATES! THERE'S GOT TO BE **SOME-THING** I CAN DO... SOMEWHERE IN MY OWN EMPIRE, THERE'S GOT TO BE AN **ANSWER!**



AGAIN, YOU SPEND THE HOURS, WEEKS, MONTHS IN THE DESPERATE, AGONIZING SEARCH, NEVER RELAXING OR RELENTING UNTIL FINALLY...

...**COURTNEY!** RALPH COURTNEY! A DOCTOR KICKED OUT OF OUR RESEARCH DIVISION FOR HIS UNORTHODOX AND RADICAL EXPERIMENTS...ESPECIALLY IN **SURGERY!**





YOU REMEMBER THE SHABBY OFFICE, THE NOISE AND CLATTER OF THE TEST ANIMALS, COURTNEY'S VACILLATING VAGUENESS...

...OF COURSE THE TRANSPLANTS HAVE HAD A DEGREE OF SUCCESS WITH **ANIMALS**, MR. MANNIX... BUT WHAT YOU SUGGEST! I DON'T SEE HOW I...

I'VE READ YOUR NOTES AND MADE MY OFFER, COURTNEY! YOU KNOW YOU WON'T TURN IT DOWN... **YOU CAN'T!** ONCE THE LAB IS COMPLETED, WE'LL BEGIN...



B-BUT IT'S NOT JUST YOU... THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER PERSON! NO ONE WOULD VOLUNTARILY...

**THAT, I'LL TAKE CARE OF PERSONALLY!**



YOU BEGAN A NEW SEARCH, THE MOST CAREFUL AND IMPORTANT SEARCH OF YOUR LIFE... A SEARCH FOR THE PERSON YOU WERE GOING TO **BECOME**...



...YET, HE HAS LOOKS... ATTRACTIVE TO WOMEN...

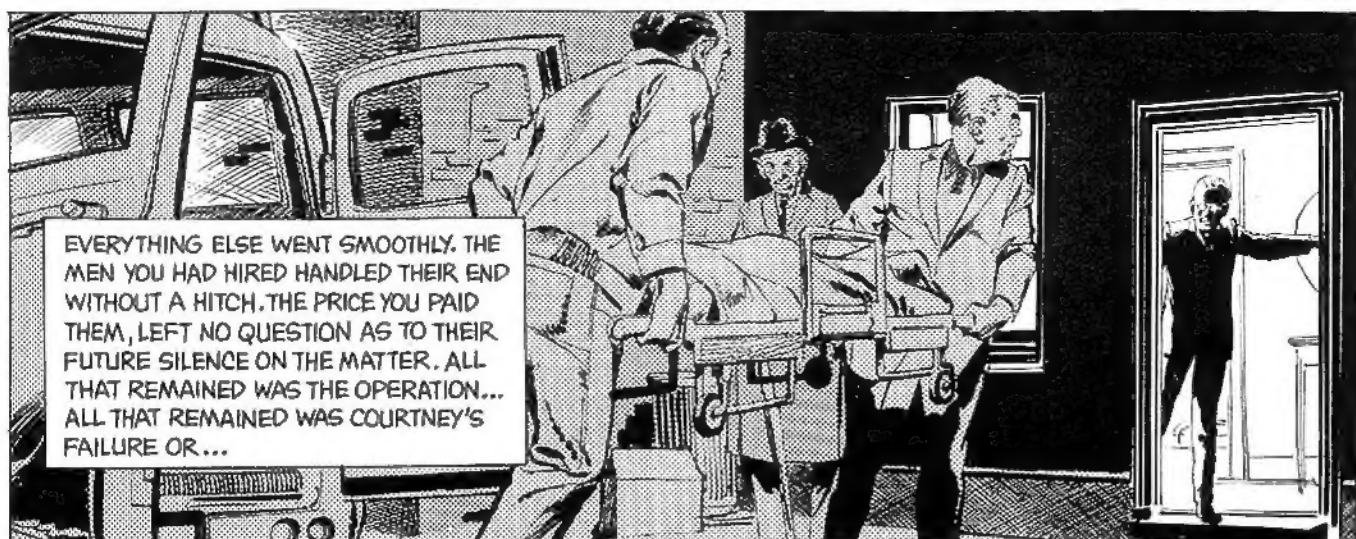


**HIM** AGAIN! IN HERE ALMOST EVERY NIGHT... ALWAYS ALOOF, NO APPARENT FRIENDS...



...YOUNG, BUT POWERFUL AND STRONG! SEEMS TO BE JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...







NOW, YOU HEAR THE VOICE...CALLING YOU BACK FROM YOUR THOUGHTS, BACK TO THE PRESENT...

THERE IS NO NEED TO SEE... YOU CAN **FEEL!** THE STRENGTH, THE VITALITY OF YOUTH...

THERE'S A MIRROR AROUND SOME PLACE... WHERE'D I PUT THAT MIRROR...?

...**SUCCESS!** I-IT'S A SUCCESS, MR. MANNIX...**I DID IT!** YOUR BRAIN TRANSFERRED TO **HIS** BODY! WAIT'LL YOU SEE, YOU'VE GOT TO SEE...

I'M **FREE!** FREE OF THAT DYING SHELL MY BRAIN WAS IMPRISONED IN... A WHOLE NEW LIFE AHEAD OF ME...

ONLY AS YOU MOVE ACROSS THE LABORATORY, STEATHILY, SILENTLY, DO YOU BEGIN TO FEEL THE WEAKNESS, A SLIGHT NAUSEA AND VERTIGO ...STILL YOU DRIVE YOURSELF FORWARD...

YOU'VE GOT TO SEE YOURSELF, MR. MANNIX... YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT TILL YOU SEE IT...

...A NEW LIFE THAT'S GOING TO NEED LOTS OF MONEY...**COURTNEY'S MONEY!**

THEN, AS YOU LUNGE, THE BLACKNESS SWIRLS UP ENVELOPING ALL IN YOUR VISION AND YOU DRIFT INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

ONCE AGAIN, REALITY REACHES OUT FOR YOU, PULLING YOU BACK...

...MANNIX?  
**NOOOOOO!**

**HA!** I MANAGED TO FINISH THE JOB ON COURTNEY EVEN WHILE BLACKED OUT! GUESS I GOT UP TOO SOON AFTER THE OPERATION...FEEL PRETTY GOOD NOW...



THE NEED FOR URGENCY SEIZES YOU. THE NIGHT IS FADING AND THERE ARE STILL THINGS TO BE DONE...

FROM THE DOORWAY, YOU STRIKE AND THROW A MATCH...THE PLACE OF YOUR REBIRTH IS AN INSTANT INFERNO, DEVOURING THE WITHERED REMAINS OF YOUR PAST...

THIS ALCOHOL OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK ONCE EVERYTHING'S DOUSED WITH IT...

AND YOU DON'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL YOU'RE HOME...AT LEAST THE PLACE THIS BODY CALLED HOME...

ONCE OUTSIDE, YOU RUN...FAST AND FURIOUSLY AS YOUR NEW BODY CAN CARRY YOU... INTO THE SAFETY OF THE SHADOWS...

MADE IT! I CAN HIDE OUT HERE UNTIL I'M READY TO PLAN MY NEXT MOVE...WHERE ARE THE LIGHTS? DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY SWITCHES NEARBY...

NO MATTER! SUN'LL BE UP SOON...I CAN GET SOME LIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW...

THE START OF A NEW DAY, AND THE START OF A NEW LIFE...NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!



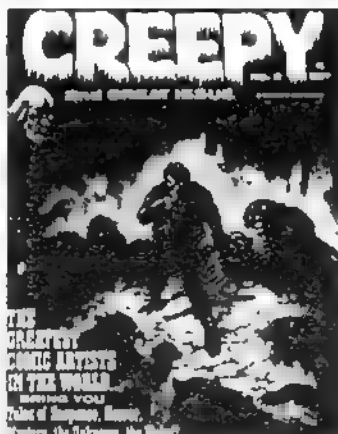
SLOWLY, SOFTLY, THE DAWN GROWS AND EXPANDS INTO DAY...THE RAYS OF THE SUN SEEKING YOU OUT, SURROUNDING YOU, BATHING YOU WITH LIGHT...THEN, YOU FEEL THE PAIN...EATING AT YOU, BURNING YOU, **DESTROYING YOU!**



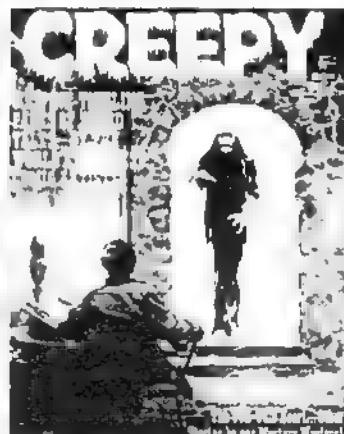
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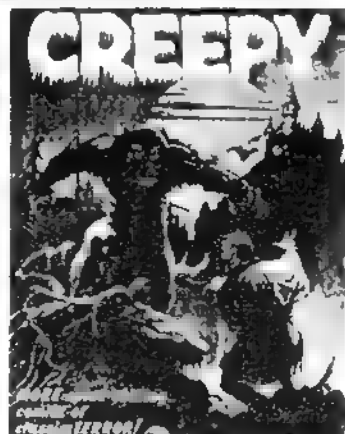
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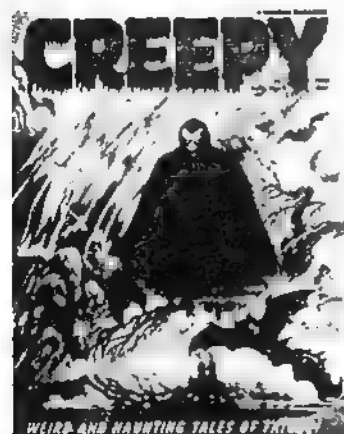
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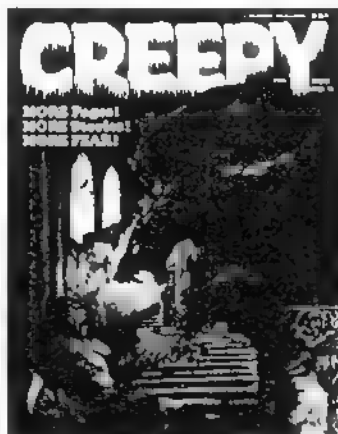
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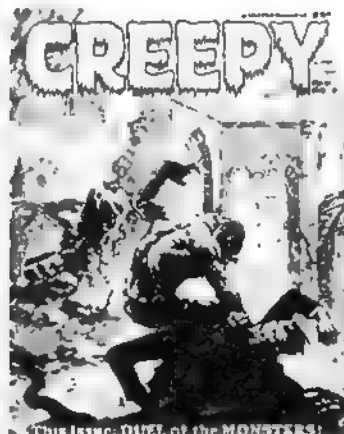
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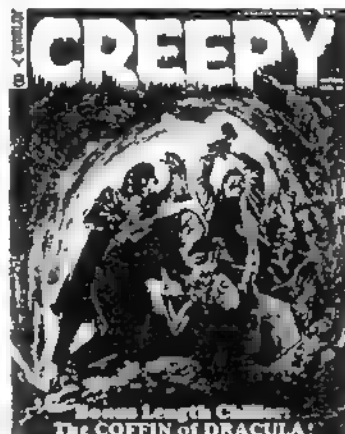
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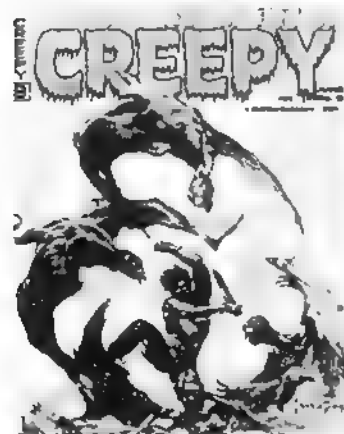
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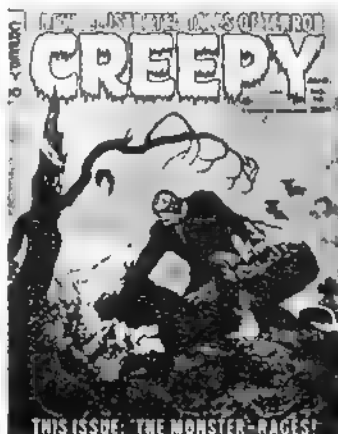
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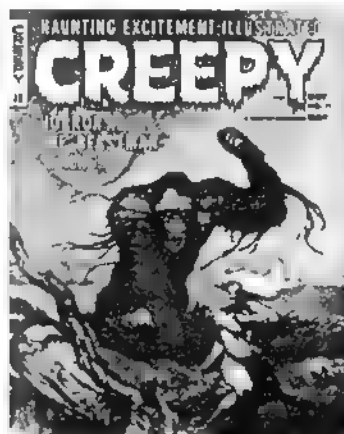
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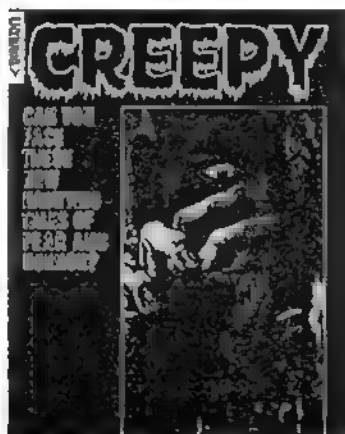
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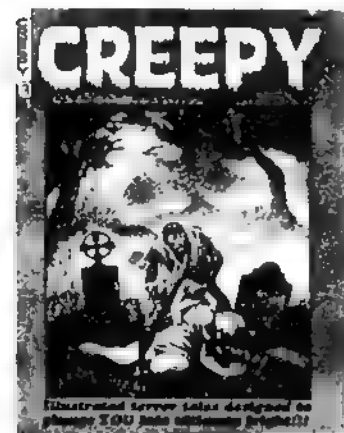
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**INTRODUCTION:** Now meet John Coates, a collector of Antiques...



**PARTICULARLY LAMPS, FROM ANY AND ALL ERAS OF THE PAST...**



**A FINE COLLECTION THAT HAS EARNED HIM A CERTAIN DEGREE OF FAME...**



SOMEWHERE IT EXISTS... PROMISING ALL ANYONE MAY  
DARE TO ASK... WAITING FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU, OR ME,  
OR JOHN COATES, TO SUMMON FORTH THEIR NERVE  
AND MERELY...

# RUB THE LAMP!

...OUR NEXT  
ITEM IS  
HIGHLY UNUSUAL,  
IF SOMEWHAT  
TARNISHED... MAY  
I SUGGEST WE  
START THE  
BIDDING AT...



**ONE  
HUNDRED  
DOLLARS!**

WHY...UH...  
CERTAINLY, MR. COATES!  
GOING ONCE...TWICE...  
**SOLD!**





THEY MUST HAVE THOUGHT I WAS  
INSANE TO PAY THAT PRICE...BUT IF I'M  
RIGHT...AFTER ALL THESE YEARS,  
SEARCHING AND HOPING...

I CAN'T  
WAIT...I  
MUST KNOW  
**NOW!** I FELT  
IT THE MINUTE  
I SAW IT...  
THIS **HAS** TO  
BE THE LAMP!

THE ALLEYWAY IS DARK, SECLUDED... JOHN COATES STANDS  
STARING AT HIS LATEST ACQUISITION, GRIPPING IT TIGHTLY IN  
MOIST, TREMBLING HANDS.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE  
PEOPLE LAUGHED AT ME AND  
MY COLLECTION? NOW I CAN  
SHOW THEM! NOW EVELYN AND  
I CAN HAVE EVERYTHING THAT'S  
BEEN DENIED US...I'LL MAKE  
HER THE HAPPIEST WOMAN  
ON EARTH!

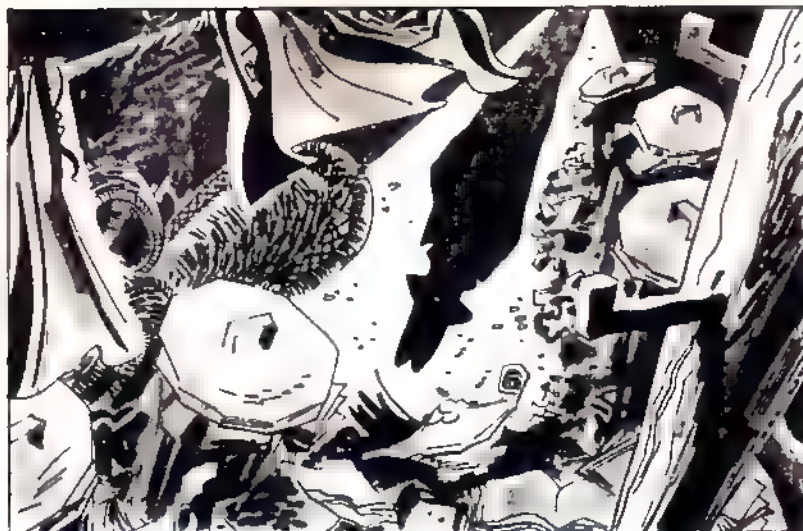
AND IN  
A VOICE  
CRACKED  
AND HOARSE  
WITH INTENSE  
EXCITEMENT...

LAMP OF THE ANCIENT  
GODS... I  
CALL ON  
YOUR  
OCCULT  
POWERS!

I WISH  
FOR  
\$50,000!

**LAMP!**  
I CALLED ON YOUR  
POWER TO GRANT  
WISHES! WHERE IS  
THE MONEY I JUST  
WISHED FOR?





DEJECTEDLY, JOHN COATES WANDERS THE STREETS LOST IN HARSH CONDEMNATION OF HIS OWN GULLIBILITY, INSTINCT AND HABIT LEADING HIM WHERE HIS THOUGHTS DO NOT...





THE FOLLOWING EVENING IN A HOTEL ROOM HE HAS TAKEN, JOHN COATES RECEIVES A VISITOR...

OF COURSE, IN THIS TIME OF SORROW AND LOSS, MONEY IS SCANT COMFORT... BUT WITH YOUR WIFE'S LIFE INSURANCE AND COVERAGE ON THE ANTIQUES... WELL IT COMES TO \$50,000! THE CHECK...

\$50,000? \$50,000! AND THE FIRE STARTED ABOUT THE TIME I WOULD HAVE BEEN---

**THE LAMP!**  
I'VE GOT TO FIND IT! THAT WRETCHED \*#@#! LAMP!

TO SPRAWL IN THE FILTH AND DEBRIS OF THE ALLEY, UNTIL HE UNCOVERS THE LAMP...

WILD WITH RAGE, JOHN COATES PLUNGES THROUGH THE DARKENED STREETS!

I'M GOING TO SMASH YOU, DESTROY YOU... CRUSH YOU AND YOUR EVIL!

EVELYN DEAD! ALL BECAUSE OF YOU! GRANTED MY WISH AT THE COST OF MY WIFE!

NO! THAT'S TOO EASY... I WAS TRICKED ONCE BY YOUR POWERS... I'LL ARRANGE IT SO YOU CAN'T HURT ME AGAIN!

**LAMP OF THE ANCIENT GODS!** I WISH TO BE IMMORTAL! I WISH NEVER TO AGE... TO LIVE FOREVER!





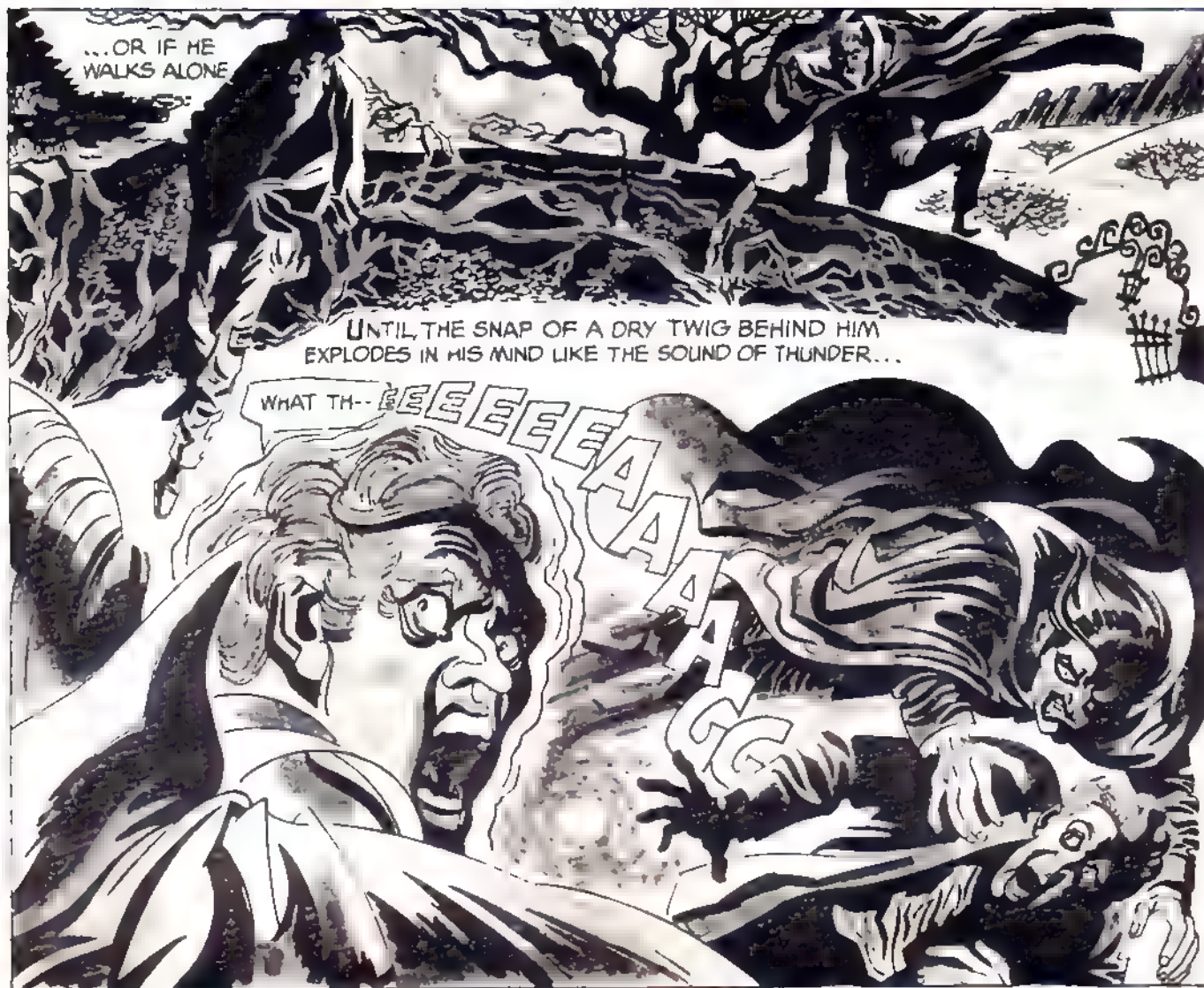
LONG MOMENTS PASS. EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL SCURRY OF A FORAGING RAT, THE ALLEY IS DARK AND SILENT ...

IT'S ONLY A LAMP! A SILLY VALUELESS LAMP! INCAPABLE OF MAKING ANYTHING HAPPEN!

NOW, JOHN COATES STRIDES INTO THE STARLESS NIGHT ...

N-NOTHING... NOTHING... I MUST BE GOING MAD! THE STRAIN OF WHAT HAPPENED... THE TERRIBLE COINCIDENCE...

... NOT CARING OR KNOWING WHERE HE WALKS ...



... OR IF HE WALKS ALONE

UNTIL THE SNAP OF A DRY TWIG BEHIND HIM EXPLODES IN HIS MIND LIKE THE SOUND OF THUNDER...

WHAT TH--

EEEEEE  
A  
A  
A  
GG





STRENGTH MONSTROUS  
AND UNNATURAL  
DRAGS COATES  
DOWN DESPITE  
ALL STRUGGLES...  
TWIN STABS OF PAIN  
SEAR INTO HIS  
JUGULAR  
VEIN...

UNTIL THE  
NEXT  
EVENING

AND WITH TERRIBLE SURENESS THE VERY FLUID  
OF LIFE IS DRAINED  
FROM JOHN  
COATES AND  
THERE IS  
NOTHING  
LEFT BUT  
DARK-  
NESS...

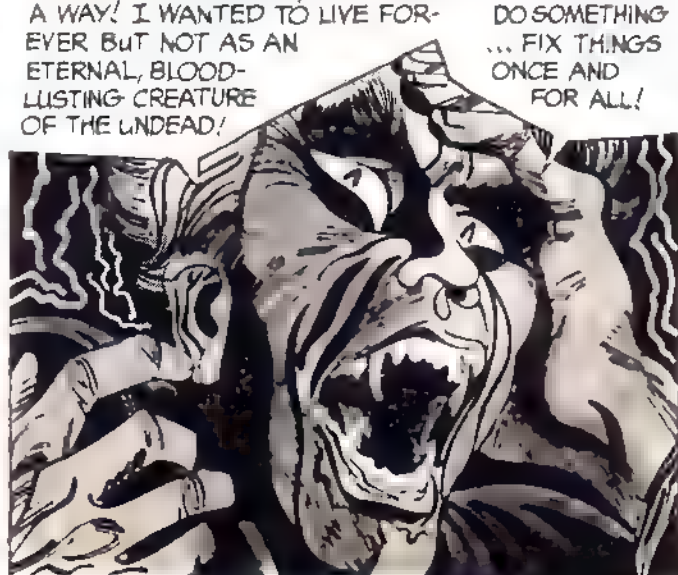
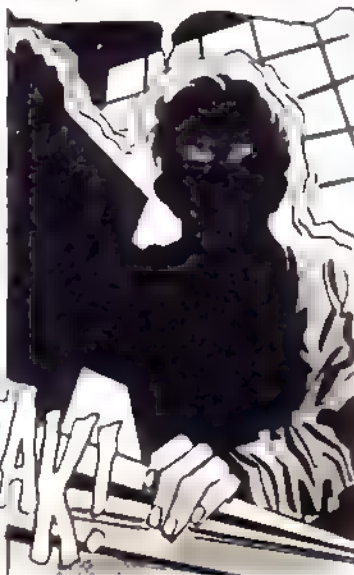
NOOOOOOO! THE LAMP! THAT  
CURSED LAMP! THIS IS ITS  
WORK!

THE VAMPIRE'S BITE!  
IT'S TURNED ME INTO  
ONE!

TURNED ME INTO AN AGE-  
LESS, IMMORTAL VAMPIRE!

MY WISH IS GRANTED, BUT WHAT  
A WAY! I WANTED TO LIVE FOR-  
EVER BUT NOT AS AN  
ETERNAL, BLOOD-  
LUSTING CREATURE  
OF THE UNDEAD!

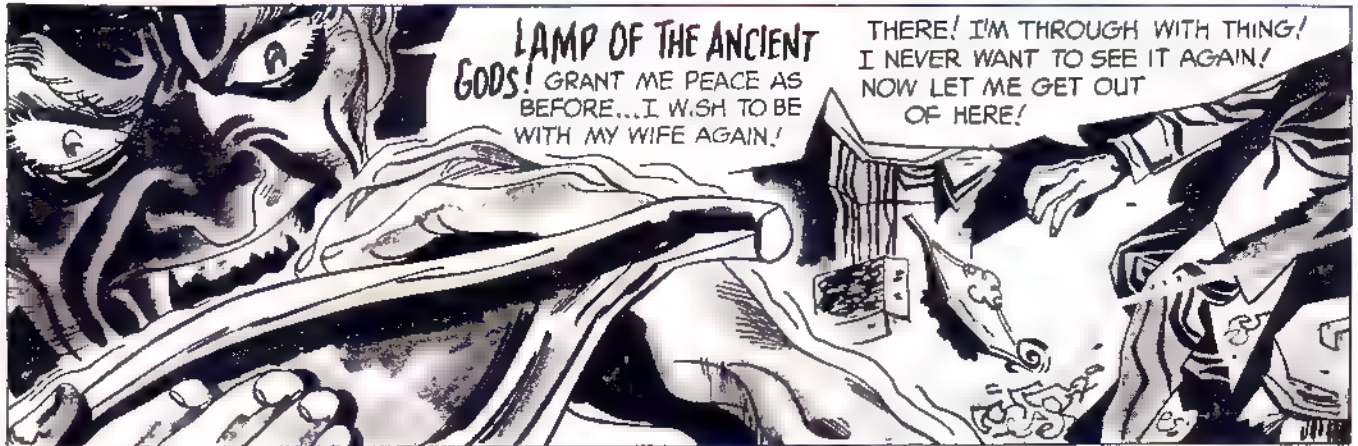
I'VE GOT TO  
DO SOMETHING  
... FIX THINGS  
ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!





ONCE AGAIN JOHN COATES RETURNS TO THE ALLEYWAY, ITS SCATTERED TRASH AND STREWN JUNK, AND THE THING WHICH DESIGNED THE NIGHTMARE HE IS TRAPPED IN...

NO MORE FOOLISH, DESTRUCTIVE WISHES... JUST ONE MORE TO CORRECT WHAT'S HAPPENED!

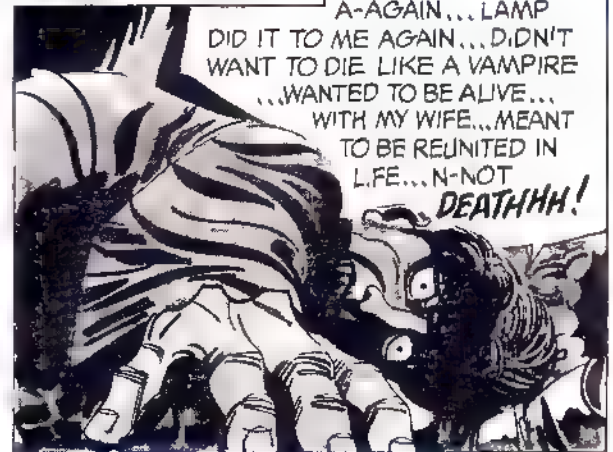


**LAMP OF THE ANCIENT GODS!** GRANT ME PEACE AS BEFORE... I WISH TO BE WITH MY WIFE AGAIN!

THERE! I'M THROUGH WITH THIS! I NEVER WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN! NOW LET ME GET OUT OF HERE!

RELIEVED, ANXIOUS, HE RUSHES DOWN THE ALLEY... UNTIL, SUDDENLY, SOMETHING BENEATH HIS FEET SEND HIM SPRAWLING...

SPRAWLING TOWARD RAZOR-SHARP WOOD THAT CANNOT BE AVOIDED...



A-AGAIN... LAMP DID IT TO ME AGAIN... I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE LIKE A VAMPIRE... WANTED TO BE ALIVE... WITH MY WIFE... MEANT TO BE REUNITED IN LIFE... N-NOT DEATHHHH!

NOW, THE EYES OF JOHN COATES CLOSE FOR THE LAST TIME, SHUTTING OUT THEIR FINAL SIGHT... THE SIGHT OF THE OBJECT THAT **TRIPPED** HIM... THE OBJECT THAT LIES WAITING, WAITING FOR SOMEONE, ANYONE TO PICK IT UP AND MERELY... **RUB THE LAMP!**



HOPE THIS LITTLE TERROR TINGLER DIDN'T **RUB** YOU RABID READERS THE WRONG WAY... NOW, I *WISH* YOU'D RUSH ON TO MY NEXT TALE... BUT, PLAY SAFE... IF YOU NEED LIGHT, USE A CANDLE!



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GET SET, GHOULISH GLANCERS...WE'RE ABOUT TO PLUNGE DOWN CRUMBLING STEPS OF STONE INTO THE TERRIBLE BLACKNESS OF UNDISTURBED CENTURIES...UNDISTURBED UNTIL TWO ARCHAEOLOGISTS DARE TO CHALLENGE THE...

# TERROR IN THE TOMB!

**T**HE ROAR OF GUNFIRE REVERBERATED THROUGH THE ANCIENT DEPTHS, BUT THE SHUFFLING THING OF DECAYED FLESH AND ROTTING CLOTH MOVED INALTERABLY FORWARD, SEEMINGLY BEYOND THE LAWS OF MORTAL MAN AND HIS PUNY WEAPONS...



STOP FIRING, CARSTAIRS! YOUR PISTOL'S USELESS! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE...

**B**ATHED IN A COLD SWEAT OF TERROR, BRISTOL LUNGED WITH THE FURIOUS FRENZY OF A TRAPPED ANIMAL...

...TO TRY THE TORCH!



ONLY A FEW HOURS EARLIER, BOTH MEN HAD VIEWED THE MUMMY FOR THE FIRST TIME! THERE HAD BEEN NO FEAR THEN, ONLY THE HEART-POUNDING THRILL OF MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY...

LORD, CARSTARS, IT'S MAGNIFICENT! NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING **BIG!**

AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS EXCAVATING, I'D HARDLY SAY **STUMBLED** BRISTOL!

A BIT ODD, IT'S JUST BEING PROPPED UP HERE... USUALLY THEY TOOK GREAT CARE TO HIDE THE BODIES! MY GUESS IS THAT THIS WAS ONLY A SERVANT OR GUARDIAN...

THEN, WHOM-EVER IT'S PROTECTING WILL REALLY BE WORTH FINDING... MIGHT EVEN BE A PHARAOH!



YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BRISTOL... TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

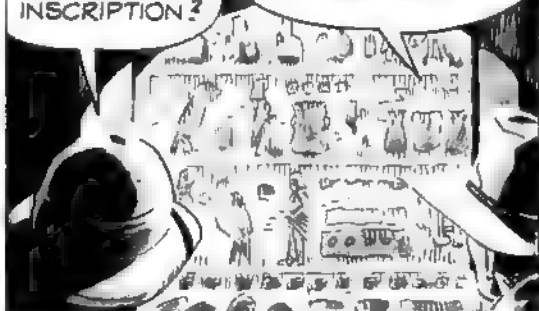


THIS MUST LEAD TO ONE OF THE INNER-CHAMBERS! CAN YOU MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF THE INSCRIPTION?

DEFINITELY THE RESTING PLACE OF A RULER... B-BUT, THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF **CURSE**, A WARNING TO ALL VIOLATORS...

DOOR'S SMOOTH... NO HANDLES, OR KNOBS! UNNNNGHHH! CAN'T BUDGE IT! **BLAST!**

PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T TAMPER WITH IT, BRISTOL, UNTIL I'VE DECIPHERED MORE OF THESE HIEROGLYPHICS...



FOR A MOMENT, BOTH MEN FELL SILENT; A SLIGHT GUST OF COOL, MUSTY AIR SUDDENLY MAKING THEM SHIVER INVOLUNTARILY! THEN, BRISTOL SPOKE...

FOR HEAVEN SAKE, CARSTAIRS! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? THAT OUR MUMMIFIED FRIEND BACK THERE WILL COME CHASE US AND CRY BOO?!

I'D JUST LIKE TO FIND OUT A BIT MORE WHAT IT'S ABOUT, THAT'S ALL...

DO AS YOU LIKE THEN! I'M GETTING SOME OF THE BOYS DOWN AND HAVING A GO AT THAT DOOR...IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE A D.SCOVERY LIKE THIS AND I'M NOT GOING SLOW SO THE MUSEUM OR GOVERNMENT CAN HORN IN!

BRISTOL MADE HIS WAY UP THE DANK, CRUDELY HEWN STEPS THEY'D BEEN WEEKS UNCOVERING, BURSTING OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE SUN'S GLARE, ONLY TO D.SCOVER...

GONE! ALL GONE! EVERY LAST ONE OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS DOLTS HAS RUN OFF!

EVEN THEN, BRISTOL HAD NOT BEEN FRIGHTENED, ONLY ANGRY AND DETERMINED! GATHERING TORCHES FROM THE STILL SMOULDERING CAMP FIRE AND OTHER EQUIPMENT, HE REJOINED CARSTAIRS...

ANYTHING TO BE DONE, WE'LL BE DOING IT OURSELVES, CARSTAIRS! THE ENTIRE CAMP IS DESERTED!

T-THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO KNOW... AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN READING, I DON'T KNOW THAT I BLAME THEM...

THE MAN ENTOMBED BEHIND THIS DOOR **WAS** A PHARAOH, BUT HE WAS **MORE**... HIGH PRIEST, DARK SORCERER OF A TERRIBLE CULT... THEY... THEY WERE **GHOULS**! FINALLY THE PEOPLE REBELLED... HE WAS BURIED HERE... **ALIVE**!



HE WAS ENTOMBED WITH PHARAOH'S HONORS BECAUSE THEY STILL FEARED HIS DARK POWERS... HIS ABILITY TO PROVIDE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION FOR ANY VIOLATING THIS FINAL SANCTUARY...

WH--WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THIS TOMB'S THE FIND OF A LIFETIME... NEITHER CURSE NOR DESERTING WORKERS IS KEEPING ME OUT OF IT! EVEN IF I HAVE TO **BLAST** MY WAY IN...

WHEN YOU'RE DONE MOLTING THAT DRIVEL, CARSTAIRS, HELP ME PUT UP THESE TORCHES! WE'LL NEED LIGHT...

YOU'LL DESTROY THAT DOOR! THERE'S MORE I HAVEN'T READ... YOU CAN'T BE CERTAIN WHAT YOU'RE TAMPERING WITH...

THE EXPLOSION WILL BRING THE ENTIRE EXCAVATION DOWN ON OUR HEADS! YOU'VE...

I'VE USED A VERY LIGHT CHARGE! NOW, **BACK!** IT'S ABOUT TO...

LORD, YOU'RE LIKE MY OLD NANNY, CARSTAIRS! THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS PLACE THAT COULD POSSIBLY HARM US... UNLESS IT'S YOUR RUNAWAY IMAGINATION!

**THOOOM!**

THE DUST OF AGES BILLOWED FORTH INTO THE ROOM AND CHUNKS OF STONE ROLLED AND CLATTERED! THEN, SLOWLY, EVERYTHING BEGAN TO SETTLE...



IT'S NOT SO BAD...SOME OF THESE LARGE PIECES CAN STILL BE READ..

FORGET THE ROCK! FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN... LOOK IN HERE!



WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW? WHERE'S YOUR CURSE... THE BLACK MAGIC OF YOUR GHOULISH PHARAOH?

YOU SHOULDN'T MOCK, BRISTOL...THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS KNEW THINGS NO OTHER CULTURE MASTERED... WERE CAPABLE OF TERRIBLE FEATS...



WITH AN IMPATIENT FLORISH, BRISTOL THRUST A TORCH INTO THE DARK GLOOM OF 35 CENTURIES...

LOOK AT IT, CARSTAIRS... JUST LOOK AT IT!

FROM BEHIND CAME A SLOW, SHUFFLING SOUND AND WITH IT, THE FETID ODOR OF DECAY! BOTH MEN TURNED AT ONCE...

YAHHHHHH!



AT LAST, BRISTOL FELT FEAR... STARK COLD, DRIVING FEAR! FEAR THAT MADE HIM ACT WITHOUT THOUGHT OR HESITATION...





**BRISTOL'S ACT OF FEAR SHOWED THEM THE WAY AFTER CARSTAIR'S REVOLVER FAILED! SILENTLY, PAINFULLY THE LUMBERING THING LURCHED ON AS, TORCH AFTER THROWN TORCH, FLAMES DEVOURED AGED WRAPPINGS AND MUMMIFIED FLESH, SLOWLY CONSUMING THE STUMBLING INSTRUMENT OF TERROR...**



**UNTIL THE MUMMY WAS NO MORE!**

WE...WE WON, CARSTAIRS...A THING LIKE THAT! AN ANCIENT, POWERFUL ENGINE OF EVIL AND WE BEAT IT!

WHAT'S IN THERE NOW WE'VE EARNED, CARSTAIRS...COME ON, WE FOUGHT THE CURSE AND BEAT IT...

IN A MOMENT! I WANT TO SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT MORE ABOUT SUCH A MONSTER AND IF...



CARSTAIRS  
VOICE  
TRAILED OFF  
AS HE  
AGAIN  
BECAME  
LOST IN  
THE  
PICTURE  
LANGUAGE  
OF  
ANOTHER  
AGE!  
SUDDENLY,  
HE BOLTED  
UPRIGHT...

**N-NOOOO! BRISTOL!**  
DON'T GO IN THERE! COME  
BACK! WE'VE GOT TO...



THE HORRIFYING TABLEAU BEFORE HIM WAS  
ETCHED OVER AND OVER INTO CARSTAIR'S  
MIND. YET STILL HIS BODY BETRAYED HIM,  
LEAVING HIM PETREFIED, IMMOBILE...

...THROUGH THE RITES OF HIS TERRIBLE CULT,  
THE PHARAOH ACHIEVED SOME MANNER OF  
PROLONGED LIFE... THE PEOPLE **COULDN'T**  
KILL HIM, THEY COULD ONLY ENTOMB  
HIM AWAY FROM OTHERS...



TOO BAD ABOUT CARSTAIRS, HE  
SHOULD HAVE LEARNED TO READ  
FASTER, THOUGH I SUPPOSE THAT  
THOUGHT IS ALREADY GNAWING  
AT HIM... AMONG OTHER THINGS!

FEAR DID NOT REACT THE SAME FOR CARSTAIRS.  
IT CLUTCHED HIM, FROZE HIM... BOUND HIM  
WHERE HE STOOD AS BRISTOL'S LONG TERRIBLE  
SCREAMS REBOUNDED AGAIN AND AGAIN FROM  
THE NITRATE-COATED WALLS...

WHY  
DIDN'T I  
REALIZE...  
WHY  
WASN'T  
IT CLEAR...



THE INSANE RED-RIMMED EYES DARTED  
ABOUT THE ROOM FROM BRISTOL'S LIFELESS  
FORM. FINALLY RESTING WITH ALL THEIR MANIA-  
CAL FURY ON CARSTAIRS, THEN SEEMINGLY  
GREW LARGER AND LARGER UNTIL THERE WAS  
NOTHING ELSE THE ARCHAEOLOGIST COULD SEE!  
HE COULD ONLY SPEW FORTH HIS LAST WORDS,  
WHICH SOMEHOW BECAME A SCREAM...

...THE MUMMY WASN'T  
AN AGENT OF THE BLACK  
ARTS... IT WAS PLACED  
OUTSIDE TO MAKE SURE  
HE COULD **NEVER**  
ESCAPE... **AND WE**  
**DESTROYED IT!**

**AGHHHH!**







COVER UP THOSE MONSTEROUS MUGS WITH A SURGICAL MASK, FROLICKING FIENDIES, AND JOIN ME IN THE OPERATING ROOM ... HAND ME MY SCALPEL AND I'LL OPEN UP THE STRANGE STORY OF....

# THE WANDERER!

THE ROOM'S ATMOSPHERE WAS CHARGED WITH TENSENESS. THE DOCTOR WORKED WITH A SILENT, YET DESPERATE EFFICIENCY. FOR A TIME THE ONLY SOUND WAS THAT OF THE PATIENT BREATHING. THEN, EVEN THAT CEASED...



I'M NOT GETTING A PULSE READING, DOCTOR! THE HEART HAS STOPPED!

TRY ANOTHER INJECTION OF ANDRENALIN...

NO RESPONSE, DOCTOR. HE'S DEAD!

NOT UNTIL I SAY SO! I'M GOING TO TRY MASSAGING HIS HEART!

ADKINS—

AGONIZING SECONDS STRETCHED INTO LONG, PAINFUL MINUTES AS THE DOCTOR'S GLOVED FINGERS LABORED FEVERISHLY AT THEIR CRUCIAL TASK, UNTIL ...

NO USE! I'VE LOST HIM! REPAIR THE INCISION AND HAVE HIM TAKEN AWAY...

YOU DID EVERYTHING THAT WAS POSSIBLE, DOCTOR. NO ONE COULD HAVE DONE ANYMORE!

I FELT SO CERTAIN I COULD SAVE HIM! LIKE HE WASN'T REALLY BEYOND MY REACH...

THE SHEET-COVERED FIGURE WAS WHEELED THROUGH THE HOSPITAL'S LONG CORRIDORS, INTO AN ELEVATOR, AND DOWN... DOWN TO THE CHILL MARBLE SLABS OF THE MORGUE!

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU, FINLAY, NO LINE ON THE NEXT OF KIN...

THEN HE CAN REST HERE QUIETLY TILL SOMEBODY CLAIMS HIM!

THE INTERN LEFT, AND THE MORGUE WITH IT'S SHROUDED CHARGES WAS SILENT ONCE MORE ...

I HOPE IF SOMEONE DOES COME BY TO IDENTIFY THE STIFF, THEY WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT SHIFT...

MORGUE

...I JUST WANNA READ AND NOT BE BOTHERED!

YAHHHHHH!



DOCTOR! THEY NEED YOU IN THE MORGUE  
RIGHT AWAY! SOMETHING ABOUT THE  
PATIENT YOU OPERATED ON...



LET GO! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO KEEP ME  
HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT! LET ME  
GO! LET ME GO!



WHAT THE DEVIL'S  
GOING ON IN THERE?

SHOCK RIVETED DOCTOR AND NURSE WHERE THEY STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, GAZING IN  
DISBELIEF AT THE RAVING FORM BEFORE THEM...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I'VE GOT  
TO LEAVE... GET AWAY! YOU CAN'T  
HOLD ME HERE! **YOU CAN'T!**

DOCTOR!  
I-IT'S...

...THE MAN WHO DIED ON MY  
OPERATING TABLE!!



WE HEARD OL' FINLAY  
SCREAMING... THIS GUY  
NEARLY SCARED HIM  
TO DEATH!

T-THIS IS **FANTAS-  
TIC!** LET THE MAN  
GO! I'VE GOT TO ASK  
HIM SOME QUESTIONS!



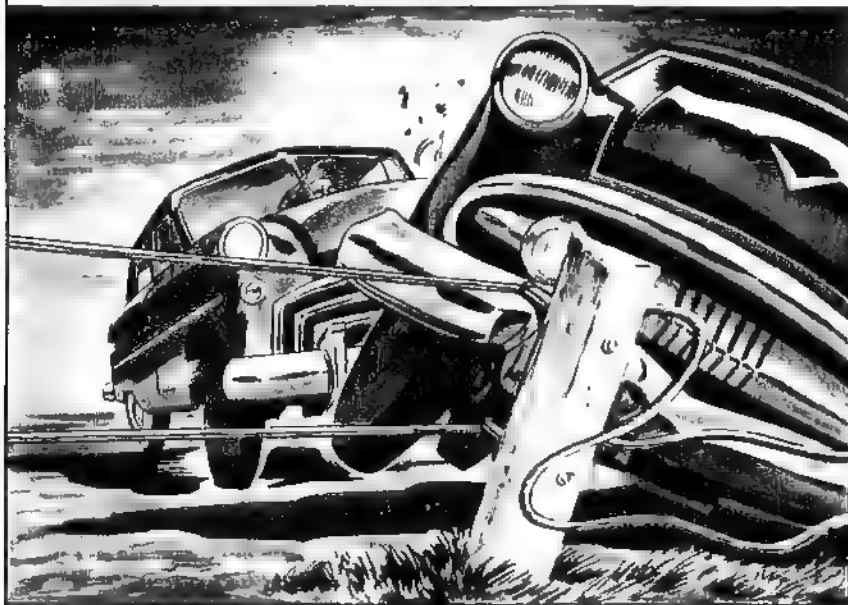
CALM DOWN... RELAX!  
YOU'VE GOT TO REMEM-  
BER ANYTHING YOU CAN  
ABOUT HOW THIS  
HAPPENED! IT'S THE  
ONLY WAY I CAN HELP!

ALL I WANT  
IS TO GET OUT  
OF HERE! I'LL  
TRY TO TELL  
YOU IF YOU'LL  
DO THAT FOR ME.



THE DOCTOR NODDED AND THE MAN BEGAN  
TALKING IN HIS LOW MONOTONOUS VOICE,  
TONELESS AND RASPING, YET SOMEHOW  
CAPABLE OF INSTILLING VIVID IMAGES IN  
THE DOCTOR'S MIND...

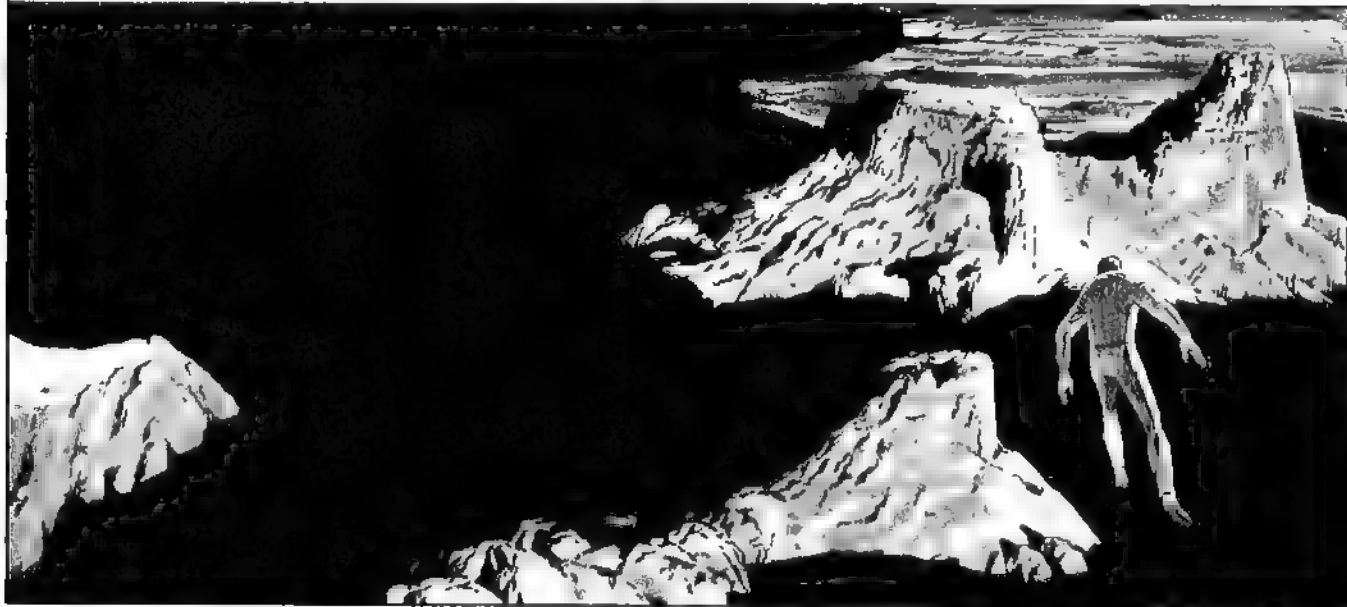
"FIRST, THERE WAS THE WRECK. IT WAS LATE, I WAS TIRED... IMPATIENT TO BE HOME... SPEEDING... THE OTHER CAR APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE, PERHAPS A SIDEROAD. THERE WAS NEVER A CHANCE FOR EITHER OF US!"



"FOR HOURS, PERHAPS DAYS, PERHAPS LONGER, DARKNESS ENCOMPASSED ME, THEN SLOWLY I BECAME AWARE... I WAS MOVING, WONDERING THROUGH SWIRLING MISTS... WALKING, IT SEEMED AT FIRST..."



"THEN I REALIZED I WAS DRIFTING, FLOATING IN THE UNKNOWN. MOVEMENT ON MY PART WAS POSSIBLE, YET IT SEEMED FUTILE AND USELESS, UNNECESSARY IN MY WANDERING..."



"FOR A MOMENT, OR AN ETERNITY, OR PERHAPS A THOUSAND ETERNITIES I DRIFTED SEEMINGLY WITHOUT AIM OR PURPOSE, YET IMPERCEPTIVELY, GRADUALLY I WAS BEING PULLED IN A DIRECTION... DOWNWARD!"



"UNTIL, FINALLY, I REACHED.  
**SOMETHING!**"





"THEY SWARMED BELOW ME, GRASPING AND PULLING WITH INHUMAN CLAWS, DRAGGING MY FLOATING FORM NEARER AND NEARER TO THEIR HIDEOUS, GLOATING FACES..."



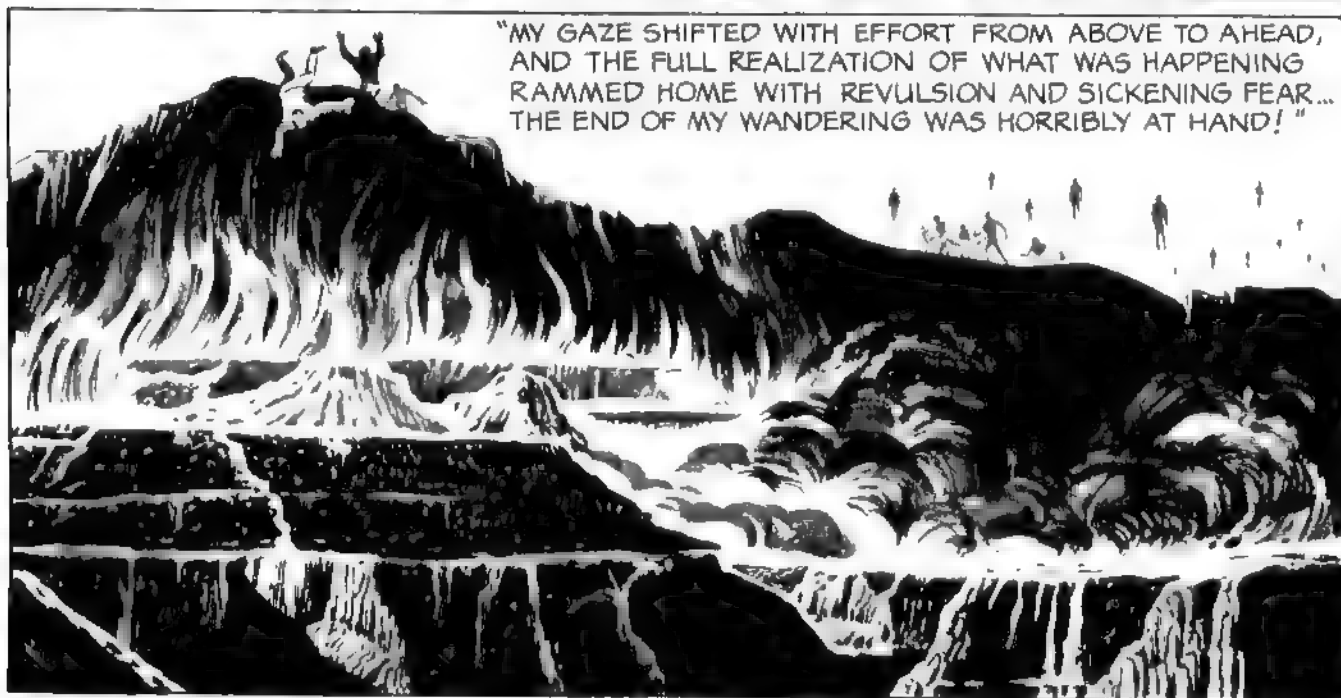
"TO MOVE WAS A FANTASTIC EFFORT, TO FIGHT OR STRUGGLE SEEMED A MONUMENTAL IM-POSSIBILITY... I WAS GATHERED INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THOSE CREATURES AND CARRIED FORTH..."



"AS I WAS SWEEPED ALONG ON THAT TIDE OF OBSCENE HORRORS, I REALIZED FOR THE FIRST TIME I HAD NOT BEEN ALONE IN MY WONDERING... OTHERS WERE DRIFTING, SOME FAST, SOME SLOW, TOWARD THE SAME INEVITABLE FATE..."



"MY GAZE SHIFTED WITH EFFORT FROM ABOVE TO AHEAD, AND THE FULL REALIZATION OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING RAMMED HOME WITH REVULSION AND SICKENING FEAR... THE END OF MY WANDERING WAS HORRIBLY AT HAND!"



"THE FLAMES OF OBLIVION BATHED ME IN BLAST FURNACE HEAT AS MY BESTIAL BEARERS MOVED FORWARD UNRELENTINGLY, AND RAW PANIC RAGED WITHIN ME LIKE A CAGED BEAST..."



"YET, THERE WAS NO WILL, NO DETERMINATION, FOR ONE LAST GREAT EFFORT, ONE FINAL STRUGGLE, ONE TERRIBLE FIGHT TO MOVE AND ESCAPE ...UNTIL, A SHADOW FELL FROM ABOVE AND A FIGURE DRIFTED NEAR..."



"HAD THAT FIGURE CONTINUED DOWNWARD LIKE MYSELF AND ALL THE OTHERS, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE ACTED, BUT SUDDENLY IT HALTED, THEN BEGAN TO RISE UP, AS THOUGH BEING PULLED OUT OF THIS HELL...  
**SUDDENLY, I KNEW I MUST MOVE!**"



"THE DEMON CREATURES WERE CAUGHT UNAWARE, BUT I HAD NO TIME TO THINK OF THEM. THE UPWARD PULL WAS STRONG ENOUGH ONLY FOR ONE, AND I FOUGHT SAVAGELY TO MAKE SURE IT WOULD BE ME!"



"AS THE STRUGGLE RAGED, THE MONSTERS BELOW LASHED AND CLAWED TO REGAIN THE BURDEN THEY HAD LOST, AND IN THEIR DESPERATION AND HASTE, DRAGGED DOWN THE MAN I BATTLED IN THEIR OBSCENE GRIP!"



"FREE OF MY OPPONENT, I SHOT UPWARD, RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER ...FEELING A CHILL GROW ON MY BACK, THE COLD CHILL OF MARBLE..."





THE VIVID IMAGES OF THE TALE GRIPPED THE DOCTOR TIGHTLY. MOMENTS PASSED BEFORE HE REALIZED THE MAN HAD STOPPED TALKING...

T-THEN... YOU AWOKE... HERE... IN THE MORGUE?

NOW YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL! GET ME SOME CLOTHES, LET ME GET OUT OF HERE... THAT'S ALL I WANT!



IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE... I MUST FIND OUT MORE! YOU WERE DEAD! LEGALLY DEAD! IT'LL REQUIRE INTENSIVE EXAMINATION... WE'VE GOT TO KNOW THE ANSWER!

I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE! I WANT OUT! LET ME GET AWAY!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

Y-YOU CAN'T BELIEVE ANY OF THAT STORY, DOCTOR? IT MUST HAVE BEEN BROUGHT ON BY ANESTHETIC, THE STRAIN OF THE OPERATION...

I DON'T KNOW... THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO CHECK IN THE RECORDS ROOM...



THAT PATIENT WAS A **HEART ATTACK** VICTIM... IN A THEATER LOBBY... **HE WASN'T IN A CAR WRECK...**

THAT COULD HAVE BEEN SOMETHING FROM HIS PAST, SOMETHING TOSSED ABOUT BY HIS MIND WHILE UNCONSCIOUS...



THE DOCTOR PUT ASIDE THE FILES HE'D BEEN STUDYING AND HEADED QUICKLY FOR THE HALL...

I HOPE SO... BECAUSE TWO YEARS AGO, AN **AUTO ACCIDENT** CASE DIED ON THE OPERATING TABLE HERE, **SAME DATE AND TIME** THAT MY PATIENT'S HEART STOPPED BEATING!



TRoubLED, HALF-FORMED THOUGHTS NAGGED AT THE DOCTOR'S MIND AS HE RUSHED ALONG THE DESERTED HALL TOWARD THE ROOM IN WHICH THE PATIENT HAD BEEN PLACED...



COME BACK HERE! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? I SAID...



THE BESTIAL COUNTEenance WHIRLED ROUND AND ROUND IN THE DOCTOR'S MIND, CARVING AN INDELIBLE IMAGE INTO HIS MEMORY... THEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED...



OH, LORD... THAT FACE... I --

DOCTOR! THE PATIENT... IT'S HORRIBLE... YOU'VE GOT TO SEE...



A TERRIBLE ODOR PERMEATED THE HOSPITAL ROOM, ADDING TO THE REVULSION WHICH TRANSFIXED THE DOCTOR AND NURSE UPON ENTERING... AMPLIFYING THE VISION OF TERROR ALREADY PRESENTED TO THEIR EYES!

I-IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING... SOME-ONE WHO...

...HAS BEEN DEAD FOR AT LEAST... TWO YEARS!



LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU DEAD READERS, DON'T TRY TO COME BACK ON SOMEBODY ELSE'S OPPORTUNITY... IT ONLY BRINGS OUT HOW ROTTEN YOU ARE!





AMBERSON RAN, FAST AND HARD, CRASHING THROUGH THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH, BREAKING PAST LOW HANGING VINES AND BRANCHES...AMBERSON RAN, PLUNGING THROUGH THE EVER-DARKENING JUNGLE, THE SOUND OF HIS FLIGHT CARRYING HIS POSITION TO THAT FROM WHICH HE HOPED TO ESCAPE..AMBERSON RAN, KNOWING WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT THE NARROW GAP BETWEEN HIM AND THE PURSUING HORROR SHRANK.



...UNTIL HE COULD RUN NO MORE...

NOW, AMBERSON! THE HUNT HAS ENDED...  
JUST AS I KNEW IT WOULD FROM THE DAY  
I FOUND YOU!



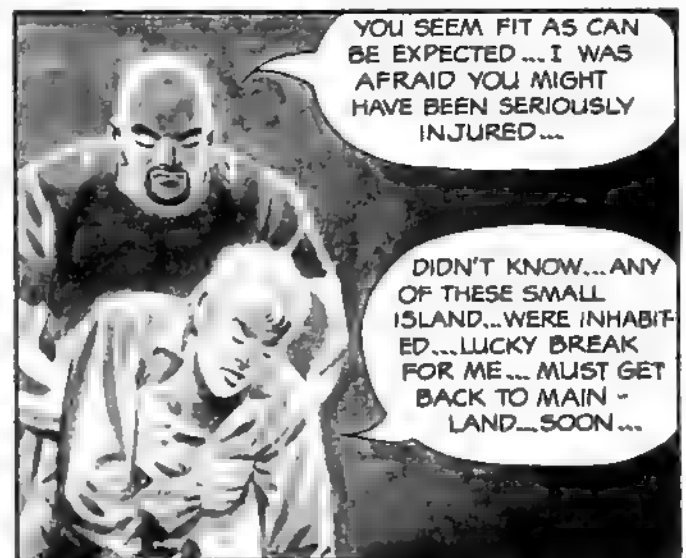
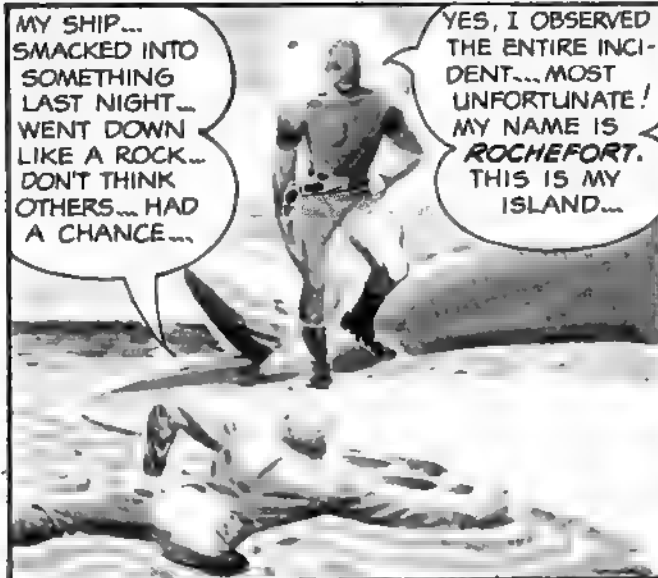
OOOPS, FELLOW FIENDS...SEEMS MORE LIKE THE END THAN A BEGINNING!  
LET'S LOOK BACK AND EXAMINE SOME OF THE EERIE EVENTS LEADING UP  
TO THIS MORBID MOMENT ON THE ....



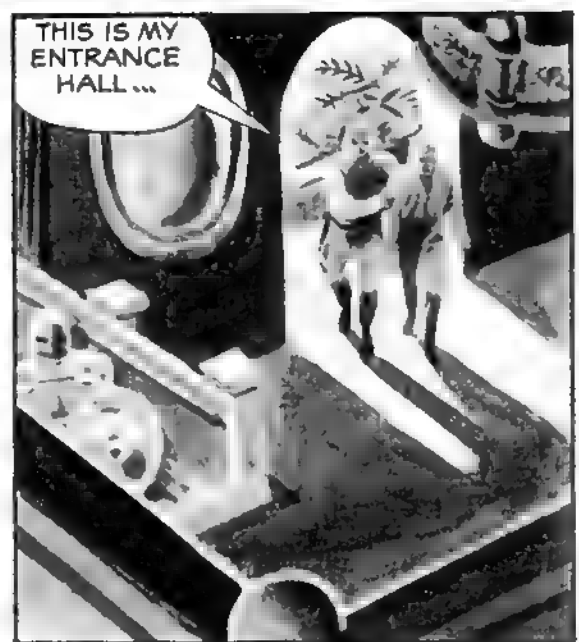
# ISLE OF THE BEAST!

WHAT STARTED AS A PLEASANT JUNKET AROUND THE CARRIBEAN, HAD ENDED ABRUPTLY FOR AMBERSON.

THE STRONG POWERFUL HANDS OF HIS RESCUER HAD GRIPPED HIM, LIFTED HIS EXHAUSTED BODY OUT OF THE SURF...

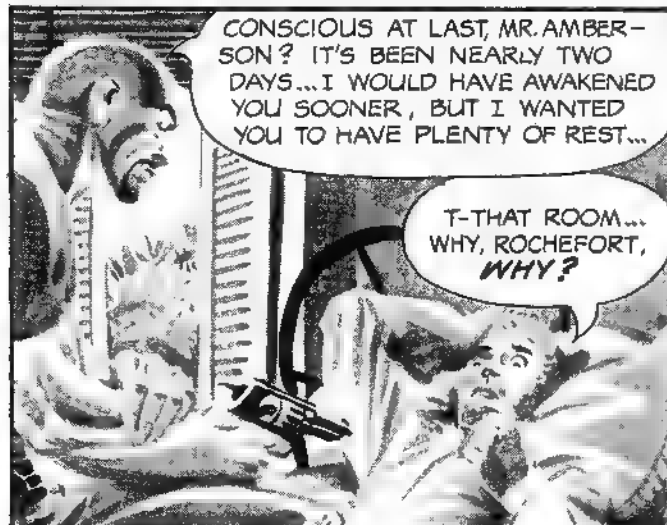


...GUIDED HIM THROUGH THE VERDANT TANGLE OF TREES, VINES AND TROPICAL BRUSH...





MERCIFULLY, SHOCK AND EXHAUSTION HAD CLOAKED AMBERSON WITH UNCONSCIOUSNESS. HE CAME TO LATER, THE CHILL MEMORY OF ROCHEFORT'S TROPHIES STILL WITH HIM...



PERHAPS YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH A SHORT STORY BY RICHARD CONNELL, "THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME"? INSPIRED BY IT, I SET UP THIS ISLAND...

WITH CERTAIN MODIFICATIONS, I ENJOY MUCH THE SAME SPORT AS THE HUNTER IN THE STORY...



"AS A BIOCHEMIST I MADE MY FORTUNE, BUT MY FIRST LOVE WAS ALWAYS BIG GAME HUNTING...YET OVER THE YEARS, I BECAME TOO PROFICIENT AT IT, BORED, JADED... LOST THE THRILL OF THE HUNT..."

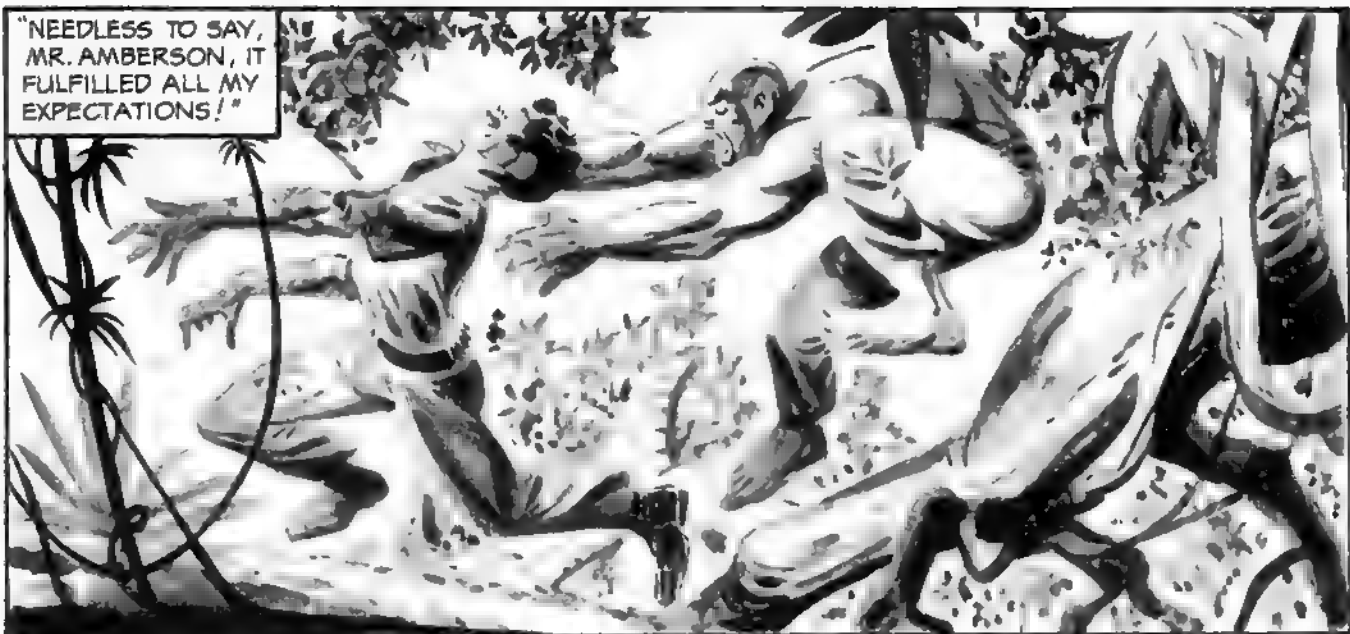
"A THRILL NOT COMPLETELY REGAINED EVEN IN THE PURSUIT OF THE SO CALLED 'MOST DANGEROUS GAME'... THERE WAS STILL SOMETHING LACKING...A... A **NEED** I WAS NOT FULFILLING..."



"THEN, THE SENSATION I STALKED THE WILDS OF EVERY CONTINENT TO ACHIEVE, I DISCOVERED IN MY LABORATORY...A SOLUTION THAT ADDED WHAT DEEP DOWN I HAD ALWAYS WANTED IN THE HUNT...THAT WOULD ENABLE ME TO HUNT, NOT AS MAN WITH HIS MANUFACTURED AIDS, BUT WITH THE STRENGTH AND CUNNING OF... **THE BEAST!**"



"NEEDLESS TO SAY, MR. AMBERSON, IT FULFILLED ALL MY EXPECTATIONS!"



YOU'RE JUST AS MAD AS THE CHARACTER IN THE STORY! NO ONE WILLINGLY WANTS TO BE A BEAST... A WILD STALKING ANIMAL! YOU CAUSE SHIPWRECKS... TAKE LIVES, FOR THAT?!

INCLUDING **YOURS**, AMBERSON! UNLESS YOU PROVE BETTER GAME THAN I EXPECT!



LOOK, ROCHEFORT, CAN'T YOU RECONSIDER? IT'S URGENT I GET BACK TO THE MAINLAND... I HADN'T INTENDED TO STAY AWAY THIS LONG... I---

SHUT UP! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR PERSONEL PROBLEMS... THEY DON'T CONCERN ME!



THIS IS **INSANE**, ROCHEFORT! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY IT CAN END... CAN'T YOU---

STOP SNIVELING! BE A MAN AND DO YOUR BEST... BE WORTHY OF THE HUNT!



YOU WANT TO LIVE? RETURN TO THE MAINLAND? THERE'S THE ONLY PLACE YOU'LL WIN THE CHANCE FROM ME!

THERE'LL BE A SPLENDID MOON LATER TONIGHT. THE LIGHT MAY HELP YOU... IF YOU LIVE THAT LONG!





THROWING A FEARFUL GLANCE OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE MADMAN BEHIND HIM, AMBERSON HAD PLUNGED TOWARD THE NIGHT-BLANKETED JUNGLE... DASHING DEEP WITHIN THE LUSH GREEN-ERY, WONDERING IF IT'S RAMPANT VINES AND BRUSH WOULD BECOME SHELTER OR SNARE...



...FROM THE BESTIAL THING ROCHEFORT'S BIOCHEMISTRY HAD MADE OF HIMSELF... FROM THE WILD CREATURE THAT BURSTS FORTH FROM THE HOUSE'S LABORATORY INTO THE NIGHT, LUSTING FOR THE HUNT... **AND THE KILL!**



AMBERSON HAD RUN, BLUNDERING AND STUMBLING THROUGH THE DARKNESS WITH DESPERATE ABANDON, WITHOUT PLAN OR PATTERN, TRYING ONLY TO KEEP THE BEAST BEHIND HIM...

**...UNTIL HE COULD RUN NO MORE!**



ROCHEFORT CREPT SLOWLY FORWARD, TOYING WITH HIS GAME ...HIS VOICE NOW THE RASPING COUGH OF A WILD ANIMAL...





**THE CREEPY FAN CLUB? WHAT'S  
IN IT FOR ME?!**



FULL COLOR PORTRAIT IS GIANT-SIZED 8"x10"

**JUST WHAT ALL YOU L'IL DEMONS  
HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!!**

OOZE YOUR ORBS AROUND THE PAGE... IT CAN ALL BE YOURS! AN 8X10 **FULL COLOR** PORTRAIT OF YOUR FAVORITE FIEND, **UNCLE CREEPY** RICHLY RENDERED BY THAT MASTER OF THE MONSTROUS, **FRENZIED FRANK FRAZETTA**, SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, THE **OFFICIAL CLUB PIN** (SHOWN FULL-SIZE BELOW), ALSO FULL COLOR, STURDILY CONSTRUCTED (WARDS OFF WOODEN STAKES), AND THE POCKET-SIZE **MEMBERSHIP CARD** PRINTED ON STRONG HIGH-QUALITY PAPER STOCK (WON'T WRINKLE AS YOU BEND OVER A VICTIM), ALSO SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE! ONCE YOU GET THIS FEARFULLY FAB KIT, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE TO SUBMIT DRAWINGS AND STORIES FOR PRINTING IN THE **FAN CLUB PAGE** WHICH APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **CREEPY**! SEND TODAY... BE **HEAD HORROR** ON YOUR BLOCK!



FULL-COLOR PIN  
SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE



MEMBERSHIP CARD SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

**SEND IN  
THIS  
COUPON!**

CREEPY FAN CLUB • 420 Lexington Avenue New York, New York 10017

Here's my dollar for a lifetime membership in the most ghoulishly gear fan club going, which entitles me to a club pin, membership card, and full-color portrait of my favorite fiend, **UNCLE CREEPY**!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND IN  
THIS  
COUPON!**

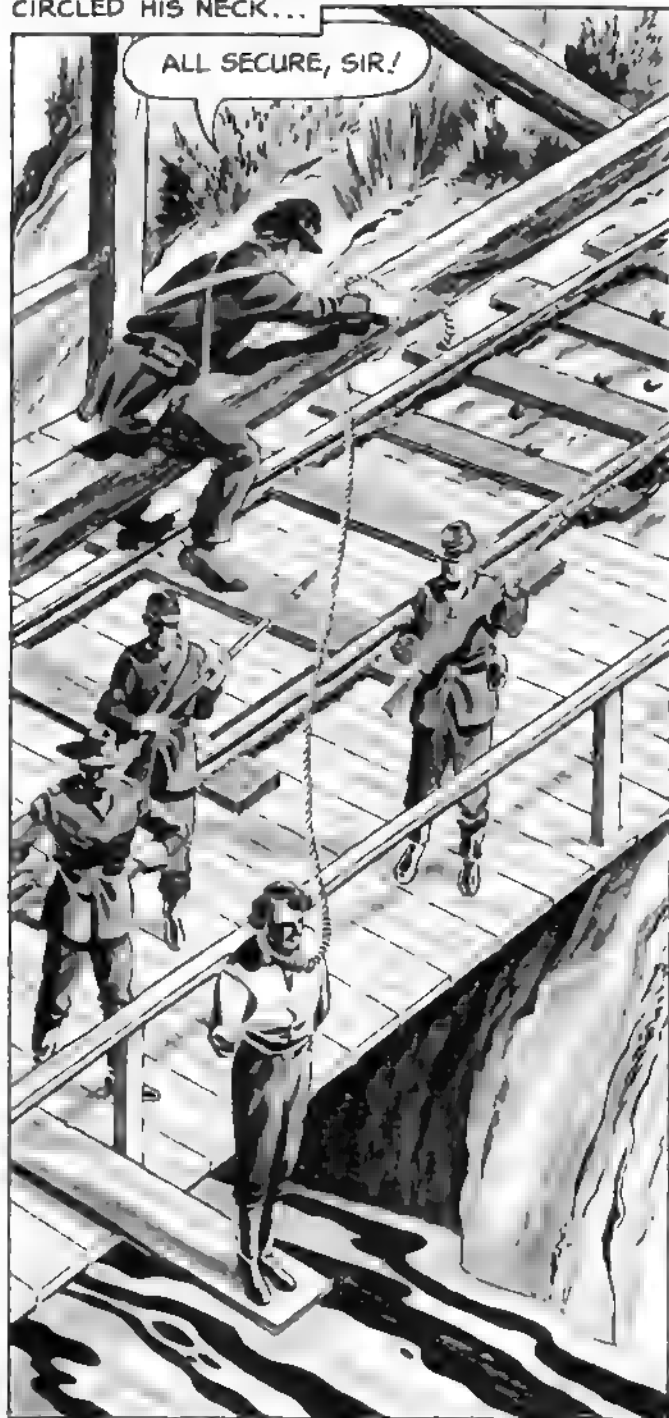
TIME FOR A BIT OF CULTURE, VULTURES, AS WE ILLUMINATE A WEIRD  
WORK BY AN ACKNOWLEDGED MASTER OF MACABRE, **AMBROSE  
BIERCE**, CONCERNING...



# AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE!

A MAN STOOD UPON A RAILROAD BRIDGE IN  
NORTHERN ALABAMA, LOOKING DOWN INTO THE  
SWIFT WATER 20 FEET BELOW HIS HANDS WERE  
BOUND BEHIND HIS BACK, A ROPE LOOSELY EN-  
CIRCLED HIS NECK...

THE MAN ENGAGED IN BEING HANGED WAS A  
CIVILIAN. HIS FEATURES WERE GOOD, AND HE HAD  
A KINDLY EXPRESSION WHICH ONE WOULD HARDLY  
EXPECT IN ONE WHOSE NECK WAS IN THE HEMP...

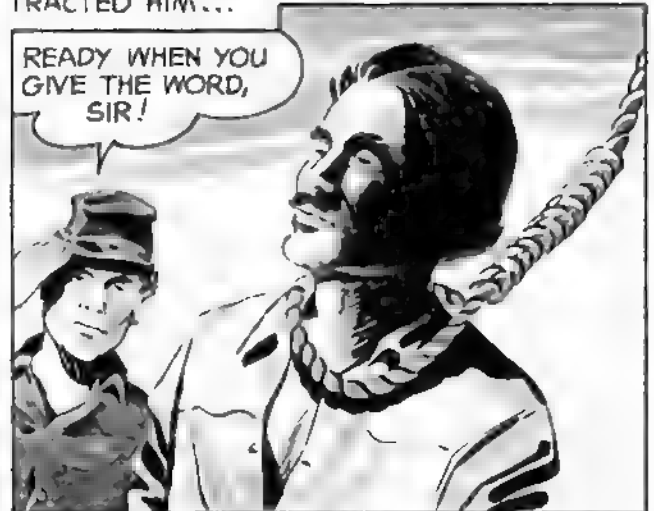


EVIDENTLY THIS WAS NO VULGAR ASSASSIN...BUT  
THE LIBERAL MILITARY CODE MAKES PROVISION  
FOR HANGING MANY KINDS OF PERSONS, AND  
GENTLEMEN ARE NOT EXCLUDED...





THE CONDEMNED MAN CLOSED HIS EYES TO FIX HIS LAST THOUGHTS ON HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN... THE SUN'S WARMTH, THE SOUND OF THE WATER BELOW... ALL HAD DISTRACTED HIM...

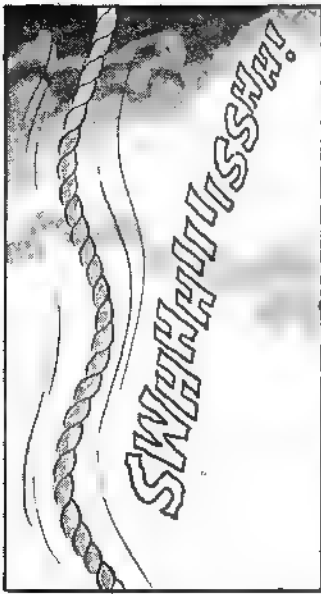


THOUGHTS WERE PAINFUL AND HE REOPENED HIS EYES... A PIECE OF DANCING DRIFTWOOD IN THE SWIRLING WATERS BELOW CAUGHT HIS ATTENTION... HIS EYES FOLLOWED IT ALONG THE CURRENT...



RELEASE THE PLANK!





KEEN, POIGNANT AGONIES LEAPED THROUGH EVERY FIBER OF PEYTON FARQUHAR, SHOOTING FROM HIS NECK DOWNWARD LIKE STREAMS OF PULSATING FIRE AS HE FELT HIMSELF FALLING, FALLING...

A FRIGHTFUL ROARING FILLED HIS EARS, AND ALL WAS COLD AND DARK... HE OPENED HIS EYES TO A DISTANT GLEAM OF LIGHT ABOVE WHICH WAS GROWING DIMMER AS HE SANK FURTHER AND FURTHER...



BUT THE SUFFOCATING NOOSE ABOUT HIS NECK KEPT THE WATER FROM HIS LUNGS... UNCONSCIOUS OF AN EFFORT, A SHARP PAIN IN HIS WRIST APPRISED HIM HE WAS TRYING TO FREE HIS HANDS...

HIS CLAWING FINGERS, FINALLY LOOSE, TUGGED AT THE STRANGLING HEMP AS PEYTON FARQUHAR, NECK ACHING AND BRAIN ON FIRE, BURST INTO BLINDING SUNLIGHT AND... **AIR!**





FARQUHAR DIVED, AS DEEPLY AS HE COULD. THE WATER ROARED IN HIS EARS LIKE THE VOICE OF NIAGARA, YET HE HEARD THE DULLED THUNDER OF THE VOLLEY, AND WAS AWARE OF SHINING BITS OF METAL SPRAYING THROUGH THE WATER AROUND HIM ...



SUDDENLY HE FELT HIMSELF WHIRLED ROUND AND ROUND--WATER, BANKS, FOREST, THE NOW DISTANT BRIDGE AND SOLDIERS, COMINGLED AND BLURRED... HE WAS CAUGHT UP IN A VORTEX AND WHIRLED TO THE SURFACE... WHERE MUSKETS STILL CRACKED IN THE DISTANCE...



GRAVEL AND SAND SIFTED BENFATH HIS FEET, AND PEYTON FARQUHAR WEPT WITH DELIGHT... HE DUG HIS FINGERS INTO THE MUD AND STONE OF THE BANK, PULLING HIMSELF OUT, BLESSING IT...

THE WHIZ AND RATTLE OF GRAPESHOT OVERHEAD ROUSED HIM... THE RANDOM FAREWELL OF A FRUSTRATED CANNONEER, NEFFECTIVE AND FUTILE... **PEYTON FARQUHAR WAS FREE!**





HE TRUDGED THROUGH THE SEEMINGLY INTERMINABLE WOODS, VASTER AND WILDER THAN HE REMEMBERED IT... HIS NECK IN PAIN AND HORRIBLY SWOLLEN, EYES CONGESTED AND TONGUE THICK WITH THIRST...



FATIGUED, FOOTSORE, FAMISHING, HE AT LAST FOUND A ROAD... UNTRAVELED AND DESERTED, BUT LEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION...



ALL WAS AS HE LEFT IT, EVEN MORE BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL TO HIM NOW. HE GLIMPSED A FLUTTER OF FEMALE GARMENTS... HIS WIFE, LOOKING FRESH AND COOL, WAITED ON THE VERANDA STEPS...

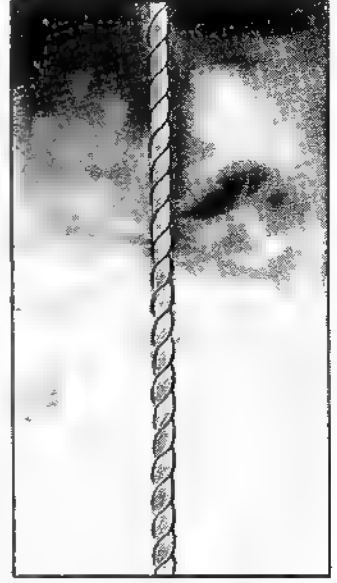
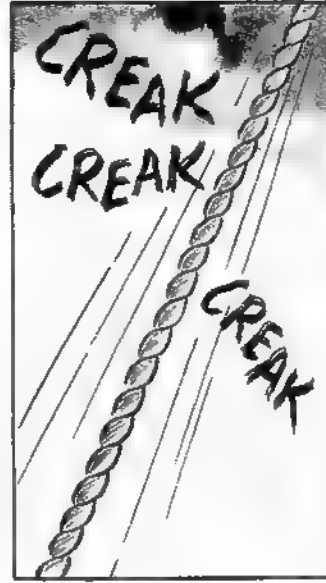


SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL... STANDING SILENT AND STILL, AN ATTITUDE OF MATCHLESS GRACE AND DIGNITY, SMILING JOYFULLY, INVITINGLY...



FARQUHAR REACHED OUT...ABOUT TO CLASP HER TO HIM...

HE FELT A STUNNING BLOW UPON THE BACK OF HIS NECK! A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT BLAZED ALL ABOUT HIM WITH A SOUND LIKE THE SHOCK OF A CANNON!



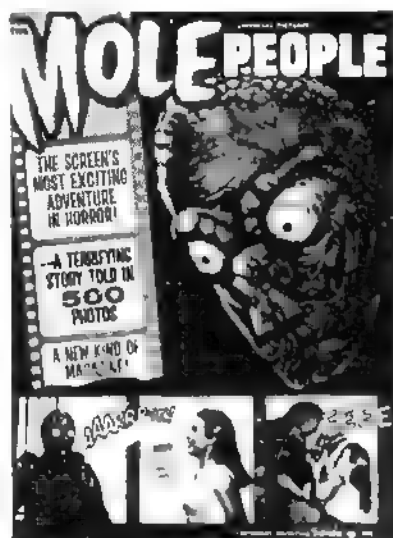
...THEN ALL WAS DARKNESS AND SILENCE! PEYTON FARQUHAR WAS DEAD; HIS BODY, WITH A BROKEN NECK, DANGLING GENTLY BENEATH THE TIMBERS OF THE OWL CREEK BRIDGE...



HOPE THIS TINGLING TOME DIDN'T LEAVE YOU LITTLE DEMONS UP IN THE AIR... LIKE IT DID MR. FARQUHAR! BUT IF YOU DIDN'T GET THE **HANG** OF THIS ONE, TRY MY NEXT MORBID MORSEL...



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A HEAD WILL ROLL just minutes after you assemble this gruesome kit. It's all in fun, and you're the judge, the jury and the executioner. A wonderful kit for do-it-yourself decapitation. And most wonderful of all... the head goes back on and zip... you lop it off again. Only 98c, plus 23c for postage & handling.

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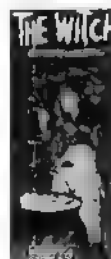


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BE A BIG HIT with "BIG FRANKIE"... America's most gigantic monster kit. Put him together in minutes. Then use paints and brush in kit to make him colorfully gruesome. Stands 2 feet tall. Arms move back and forth, hold any position. Kit includes all-plastic Frankenstein, chain and dungeon rock. Amaze everyone with BIG FRANKIE. Only \$4.95, plus 60c for postage & handling.

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## 3 FAMOUS MONSTER KITS

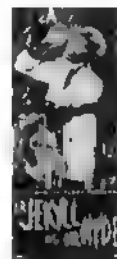


### THE WITCH

WHICH KID isn't owed by the WITCH KIT? Go to work and assemble a Witch's Brew. Everything you need for good, gruesome fun. Once you are boss of this witch, you'll be the envy of all your friends. Only \$1.49.

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WATCH the transformation take place before your very eyes. Why not? You do it all with the eerie, Jeery Monster Kit... your hands make Jekyll play Hyde-and-go-rock. Only \$1.49.



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NOT ALL LADIES are Monsters except the scary new Bride of Frankenstein, all decked out, in this Monster Kit. In her terrible trousseau. Regular cut-up (on the lab table.) Have fun for \$1.49.



ADD THESE TO YOUR MONSTER COLLECTION. Have hours of horror enjoyment, assembling these new kits... most gruesome ever made. Specify Kit wanted and mail \$1.49, plus 23c for postage & handling.

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THE YEAR IS 1943, THE PLACE IS GERMANY DURING WORLD WAR II... BUT WE ARE NOT HERE TO WITNESS BATTLES OR COMBAT, OR THAT WHICH IS NORMALLY ASSOCIATED WITH WAR... WE ARE ABOUT TO OBSERVE THE STRANGE RESULTS OF AN ...

# EXPERIMENT IN FEAR!

THE GAUNT TORTURED FACES, THE HOLLOW STARING EYES BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE DREW LITTLE NOTICE FROM THE TWO OFFICERS AS THEY TALKED. NOR DID THE THICK BLANKET OF SMOKE WITH ITS TERRIBLE UNNATURAL SMELL WHICH HOVERED PERPETUALLY OVER THIS PLACE CALLED A CAMP BUT IN REALITY A FACTORY... A FACTORY OF DEATH!

NOW YOU'VE SEEN IT, COLONEL KOLB, THE ENTIRE OPERATION! ALL AWAITING FOR YOU TO TAKE COMMAND...

IMPRESSIVE, DR. STRASSER. IT'LL BE A CHALLENGE TO KEEP UP THE PRODUCTION SCHEDULE... BUT WHAT OF THIS SPECIAL PROJECT OF YOURS? THEY SEEMED QUITE IMPRESSED IN BERLIN... GOEBBELS HIMSELF WAS ENTHUSIASTIC!



SMILING, THE DOCTOR TURNED AND LED HIS NEW COMMANDANT AWAY FROM THE WATCHFUL, SKELETAL FORMS BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE...

THE CAMP PROVIDES A SINGULAR OPPORTUNITY FOR A STUDY SUCH AS THIS... I *HAD* TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT! I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT INTRIGUING, COLONEL!

WITH CARLOADS OF JEWS COMING IN EVERY DAY, YOU SHOULDN'T WANT FOR GUINEA PIGS, DOCTOR...



EXACTLY, SIR. SINCE THEY MUST DIE ANYWAY, WHY NOT WORK IT TO THE FATHERLAND'S BENEFIT?

PROUDLY, STRASSER USHERED THE COLONEL INTO HIS LABORATORY...

COME! TAKE A LOOK IN HERE... THE GLASS IS ALMOST SOUNDPROOF, BUT AMPLIFIERS OUT HERE WILL PICK UP THE SOUND FROM INSIDE!



KOLB PRESSED HIS FACE TO THE VIEWPLATE AS STRASSER ADJUSTED SOME EQUIPMENT BEHIND HIM... AT FIRST, THE DARKNESS OF THE WINDOWLESS ROOM WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO PENETRATE, THEN...



REALLY, DOCTOR!  
ELECTRIC SHOCK  
SEEMS AN  
INEFFICIENT  
MEANS OF  
DISPOSAL--

NO,  
NO,  
COLONEL  
.. THERE IS  
NO SHOCK!  
THAT EQUIP-  
MENT IS  
MERELY TO  
MEASURE HIS  
REACTIONS... THE  
REACTIONS OF A  
NON-NORDIC TO...  
**FEAR!** SCIENTIFI-  
CALLY CALCULATED  
AS I INDUCE IT!  
I'LL EXPLAIN...

"ALL PRISONERS PLACED  
IN THE ROOM EXPECT TO BE  
KILLED... WE LEAVE THEM  
SITTING THERE, HOURS, DAYS  
...WAITING, WONDERING...  
WITH EACH ADDITIONAL  
SECOND FEAR BUILDS,  
GROWS... *WHEN* WILL  
WE STRIKE?"

"THE NEXT PHASE IS CAL-  
CULATED FALSE ALARMS...  
HISSING SOUNDS FROM THE  
PIPES ABOVE, EMISSION OF  
STRANGE COLORED MISTS...  
EACH TIME LOOKS LIKE THE  
ONE THAT WILL KILL HIM...  
THE TENSION BUILDS TO  
FANTASTIC HEIGHTS... THE  
VICTIM SHRIEKS IN FEAR  
AT THE SLIGHTEST INTRU-  
SION... FOREVER EXPECT-  
ING THE LETHAL GAS!"

WE EVEN ALTER-  
NATE REAL GAS  
WITH THE FALSE,  
BUT OF INSUFFI-  
CIENT AMOUNT...  
THEY CAN NEVER  
RELAX... NEVER  
BECOME RESOLVED  
TO THEIR FATE!

UNTIL, OF  
COURSE,  
WE GET  
ENOUGH  
DATA, THEN,  
AS WITH THIS  
ONE, WE GO  
AHEAD AND  
KILL THEM!

AND MY  
EQUIPMENT RECORDS  
IT ALL! A MAMMOTH,  
INDISPUTABLE TESTAMENT  
OF JEWISH WEAKNESS...  
THEIR SUSCEPTABILITY TO FEAR!

THE  
PROPAGANDA VALUE  
ALONE IS AMAZING! NO WONDER  
GOEBBELS WAS IMPRESSED!

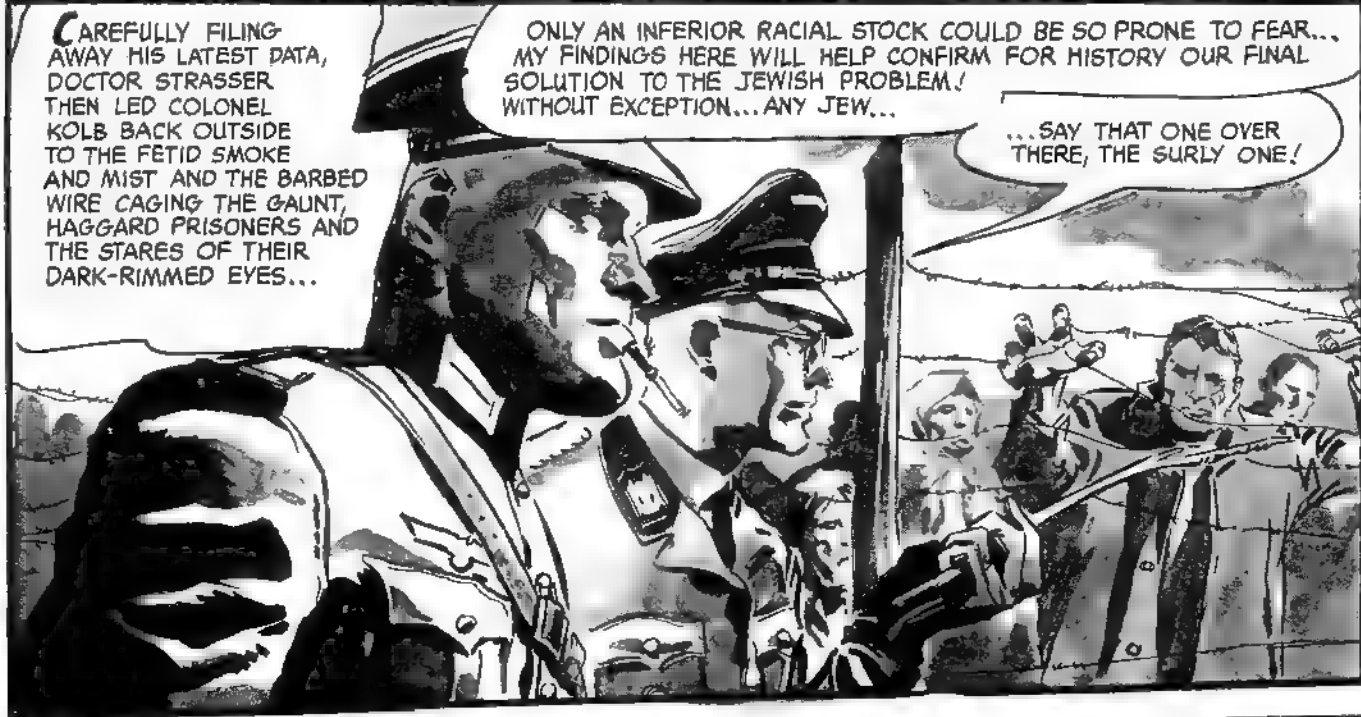




CAREFULLY FILING AWAY HIS LATEST DATA, DOCTOR STRASSER THEN LED COLONEL KOLB BACK OUTSIDE TO THE FETID SMOKE AND MIST AND THE BARBED WIRE CAGING THE GAUNT, HAGGARD PRISONERS AND THE STARES OF THEIR DARK-RIMMED EYES...

ONLY AN INFERIOR RACIAL STOCK COULD BE SO PRONE TO FEAR... MY FINDINGS HERE WILL HELP CONFIRM FOR HISTORY OUR FINAL SOLUTION TO THE JEWISH PROBLEM! WITHOUT EXCEPTION... ANY JEW...

...SAY THAT ONE OVER THERE, THE SURLY ONE!



HARDLY HAD THE DOCTOR GESTURED TOWARD HIS CHOICE THAN THE GUARDS WERE INSIDE THE COMPOUND, BEATING AND DRAGGING FORTH THE LATEST SACRIFICE FOR THE ALTAR OF SCIENCE...

BERLIN'S CONFIDENCE IS ENOUGH FOR ME, STRASSER, EVEN IF I HADN'T SEEN WITH MY OWN EYES...

YOU FLATTER ME, COLONEL, BUT I'M DRIVEN BY AN ENQUIRING MIND... LOOK AT THIS ONE! DEFIANT... COMPARATIVELY HEALTHY... IT'LL BE GOOD TO HAVE A SLIGHT CHALLENGE!



THE SMOKE FROM OVENS THAT BURNED ROUND THE CLOCK LEFT THE CAMP IN A PERPETUAL TWILIGHT, BUT NOW, EVEN THAT TWILIGHT DIMMED AS TRUE NIGHT DESCENDED...

THE REICH COULD DO WITH MORE MEN OF YOUR DEDICATION, DOCTOR, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ALL WORK AND NO PLAY... I UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE OTHER OFFICERS HAVE ORGANIZED A LITTLE WELCOME PARTY FOR ME... SURELY YOU'LL JOIN US!



THE PARTY LASTED WELL INTO THE NIGHT, GROWING IN SIZE LIKE SOME BLOATED ANIMAL... ATTRACTING ALL WHO CAME NEAR IT, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE HIGHLY DEDICATED...

STRASSER! WHERE'RE YOU SNEAKING OFF TO... THERE'S STILL PLENTY SCHNAPPES... STILL PLENTY FRAULEINS...

LATER, HERR COLONEL... I WILL RETURN... MUST LOOK IN ON MY CHARGE... LATER...

MAKING SURE THE CELL WAS CLEAR OF GAS, STRASSER UNLOCKED THE HEAVY DOOR, STUMBLING TOWARD THE PROSTRATE FORM...

WAT! THERE'S A HEART-BEAT... A GOOD THING! SPECIMENS LIKE THIS... TOO RARE TO WASTE AND I---

THE STENCH-FILLED AIR AND THE EVENING'S DRINKING RODE HEAVILY ON STRASSER AS HE STAGGERED INTO THE LABORATORY, BUT DID NOT DETER HIM...

KNEW IT... OFFICER ON DUTY'S SNEAKED INTO THE PARTY... I'LL HAVE HIM ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT OR KNOW THE REASON WHY! **DONNERWETTER!** THIS GRAPH... IT SHOULDN'T BE SO STEADY...

THE DOCTOR FLIPPED ON THE AMPLIFIER... NO SOUND HE RUSHED ON WOBBLING LEGS TO THE VIEWPLATE...

**GOTT!** THOSE IDIOTS HAVE LET HIM **DIE!**

SECONDS TOO LATE, THE DOCTOR NOTICED THE BROKEN STRAP FREEING ONE ARM OF THE PRISONER...

**THUD**

LITTLE BY LITTLE, CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED TO DOCTOR STRASSER. HE FELT CRAMPED, CONSTRICTED...

WHAT THE -- HE  
ESCAPED! THE JEW  
ESCAPED AND LEFT ME  
HERE!

STRASSER PEERED AROUND THE OPPRESSIVE  
LITTLE ROOM... THE BROKEN STRAP HAD BEEN RE-  
PLACED BY HIS OWN BELT... IT WAS QUITE HARD  
TO MOVE... NEVER BEFORE HAD HE NOTICED HOW  
TINY AND CONFINING THE ROOM WAS...

THE FOOL! WHAT WILL THIS GET HIM?  
HE STILL CAN'T GET OUT OF THE CAMP...  
WHAT CAN HE-- THE LABORATORY! ALL  
THE CONTROLS... H-HE CAN *KILL ME*  
FROM THERE...

THE  
DOCTOR SQUIRMED...  
IT WAS HARD TO MOVE...  
HE COULDN'T QUITE SEE THE  
DOOR... COULDN'T SEE IF THERE WAS  
A GAUNT, STARVED FACE GLARING WITH SUNKEN  
EYES THROUGH THE VIEWPLATE...

MUSTN'T GET EXCITED... MUSTN'T  
... BUT IT'S NOT AN OBJECTIVE  
SCIENTIST OUT THERE! NOT LIKE  
ME! IT'S A *MADMAN!* A JEWISH  
MADMA---

*GAS!* THE COLOR... I  
CAN'T REMEMBER! *IS IT  
THE FALSE OR THE  
REAL!*

*TURN IT  
OFF YOU, IDIOT!  
I CAN HELP YOU!  
GET YOU PRIVILEGES!  
... FAVORS! TURN  
IT OFF!! OFF!!*



THE MIST CEASED, BUT STRASSER COULD NOT RELAX IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED. AT LAST, FROM THE OVERHEAD PIPES CAME A SLOW, HISSING SOUND...

N-NO... NOT AGAIN! IT'S JUST A NOISE... ONLY A SOUND... *THE SMELL!* I CAN SMELL IT! *THIS TIME IT'S REAL!*

THE SOUND STOPPED. THEN THE MIST CAME. THEN STOPPED. THEN AN ODOR, THEN A SOUND, THEN A MIST, THEN A SILENCE. MIST. ODOR. SOUND. SILENCE. MIST. SMELL. GAS. GAS. *GAS! GAS!*

HARSH LIGHT MADE DOCTOR STRASSER OPEN HIS EYES. HE WAS NO LONGER IN THE CHAIR. HE NO LONGER HAD THE EQUIPMENT STRAPPED TO HIM...

COLONEL KOLB... THE PRISONER... H-HE...

A GUARD HEARD YOUR SCREAMS COMING FROM THE AMPLIFIER... FOUND THE JEW IN THE LABORATORY AND SHOT HIM... BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT!

*THIS* IS IMPORTANT, HERR DOCTOR! THE RECORDINGS OF *YOUR* REACTIONS... *THEY'RE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!* YOU RESPONDED TO FEAR LIKE EVERY ONE OF YOUR SUBJECTS! THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE ANSWER...

M-MY THEORY... MY EXPERIMENT... ALL FALSE... ALL FOR NOTHING...

BERLIN ACCEPTS YOUR THEORY, STRASSER... THAT LEAVES BUT ONE CONCLUSION...

...YOU ARE  
A JEW!

N-NOOOOOO!  
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT! I'M AS NORDIC  
AS YOU, COLONEL  
KOLB... AS ANYONE!  
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND  
...THE TEST WAS  
WRONG... MY FINDINGS  
INCORRECT... EVEN A  
NAZI MAY FEEL  
FEAR... ANYONE...

TAKE THE  
JEW AWAY!

I WAS WRONG  
... I'M NOT  
ONE OF THEM  
... LISTEN...  
I WAS  
WRONG...

DOCTOR STRASSER'S  
CRIES RANG THROUGHOUT  
THE CAMP AS HE WAS  
DRAGGED AWAY, ONLY TO  
BE LOST FOREVER IN THE  
DENSE BLACK SMOKE  
HOVERING CONSTANTLY  
OVERHEAD...

Y-YOU  
KNOW WHO I AM  
... I'VE WORKED  
WITH YOU... I'M  
NOT ONE OF THEM...  
NOT ONE OF  
THEM...

NOT...  
ONE... OF...  
THEM-M-M...

NOW,  
DOCTOR STRASSER  
NOTICED THE GAUNT,  
TORTURED FACES... NOW HE  
NOTICED THE HOLLOW STARING EYES...  
LOOMING INCREDIBLY CLOSE... NO LONGER  
BEHIND BARBED WIRE...

THE YEAR  
IS 1943, THE  
PLACE IS  
GERMANY DURING  
WORLD WAR II...  
AND THIS IS THE  
FINAL RESULT  
OF DOCTOR  
STRASSER'S  
EXPERIMENT  
IN FEAR!

END





## THE WERE-WOLF

A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified tatters in the body of a bloodthirsty beast. Right before your horror-struck eyes! Only \$5.95.



## I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

You asked for it! The companion film to "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein! Teenage boy turns to horrifying Werewolf who menaces the high school students. Exciting, terrifying film. Only \$5.95.



## FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP . . . Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch the world's scariest adversaries fight it out for the world's Monster Championship. Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



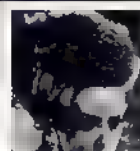
## I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

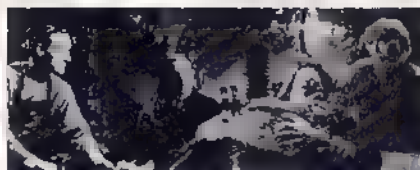
FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor.) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, \$5.95; Technicolor, \$12.95.



## THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghastly gauze and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.

## SON OF FRANKENSTEIN



In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only \$5.95.



## KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## THE VAMPIRE BAT

Most famous and ORIGINAL VAMPIRE film, starring Lionel Atwill, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Wray and Dwight Frye. Full of Vampires, weird characters, mad scientists, etc. A super-shocker. Full 200 feet, 8mm, \$4.95.



## THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly, ghostly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



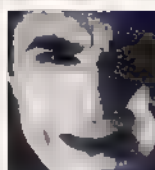
## THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## TERROR OF DRACULA

Original 1922 version. Full 400 feet version, full of terror, torment and sensational shock. A must for the horror film collector. Half-hour running time. 8mm, \$9.95.



## BELA LUGOSI AS DRACULA

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AMERICA'S MOST MIRTHFUL COMEDIANS meet the world's most monstrous Monsters . . . and that's where the fun begins. Dr. Jekyll gives Costello a drug, turns him into a monster. Everything goes crazy and Scotland Yard goes mad. Monsters can be fun, and this film is the funniest! 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



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THE WHO'S WHO of the MONSTER WORLD team up in the funniest monster film ever made. Imagine Frankenstein, Dracula, The Wolf Man and The Invisible Man combining their eerie talents to trap Abbott & Costello. They even suggest using Costello's brain for the Monsters. Great fun! 8mm, 100 feet, \$5.75.



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THE FUNNIEST COMICS in Hollywood double up for a crazy rocket trip through outer space. Beauties and cuties in Venus tempt them. The runaway rocket ship scares the life out of them. And through it all Abbott & Costello give a hilarious performance that will make you "die" laughing. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.

NOW FOR THE  
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THE 3 STOOGES IN



Aside from the special color-filter viewers supplied with the film, no special equipment is needed. No special screen . . . no special projector. Just watch the startling action! Sixty feet of film.



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YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING as the East Side Kids match their side-splitting stunts with Bela Lugosi's terror-filled action. Featuring Bela Lugosi and the original East Side Kids. Only \$5.95.



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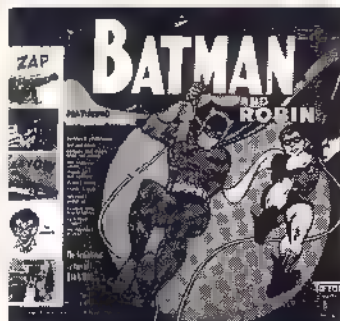
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# 4 GREAT COMIC BOOK & SUPERHERO RECORDS



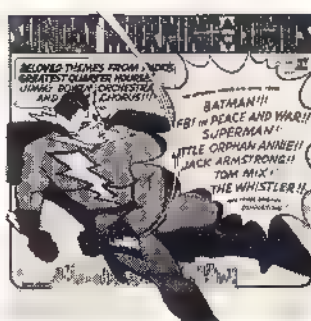
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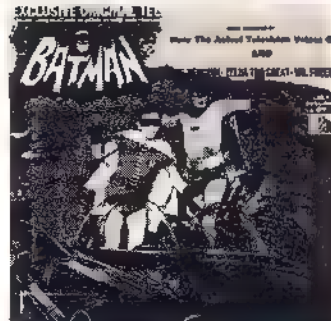
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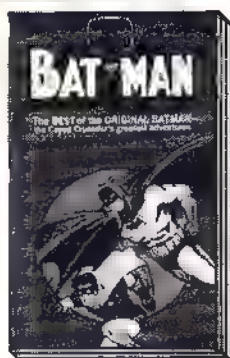
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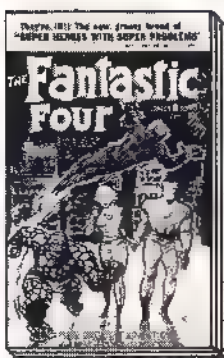
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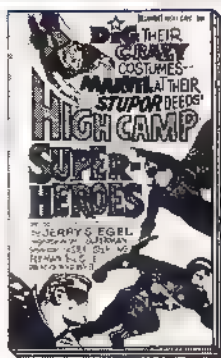
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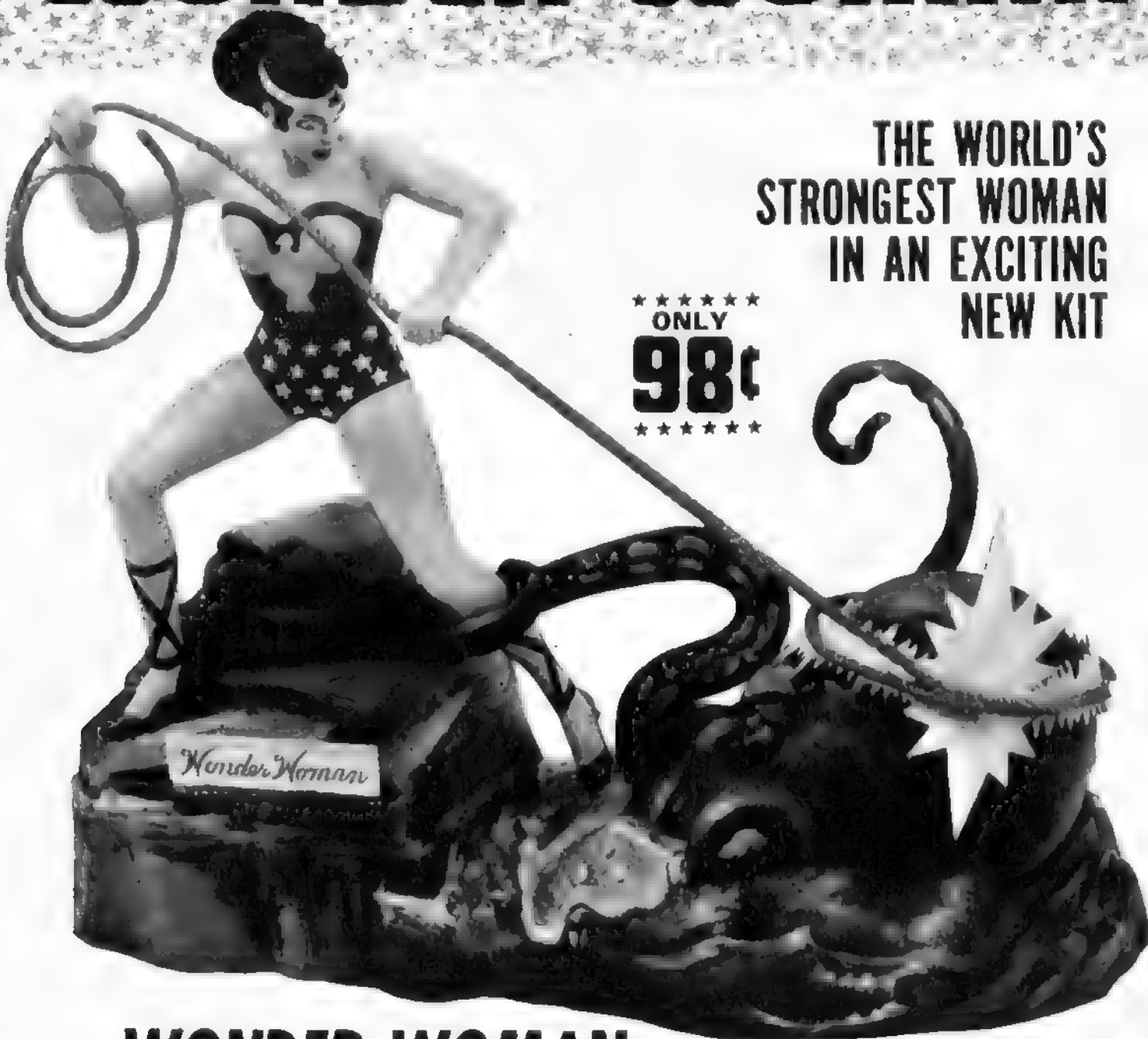
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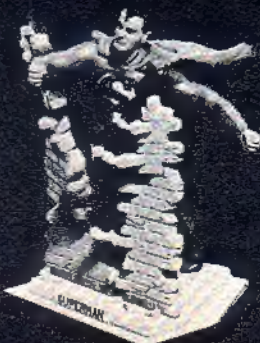
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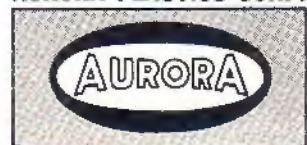
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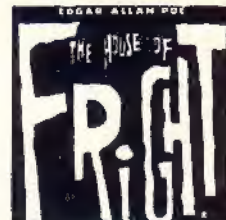
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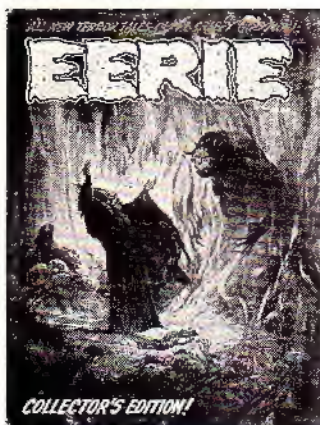
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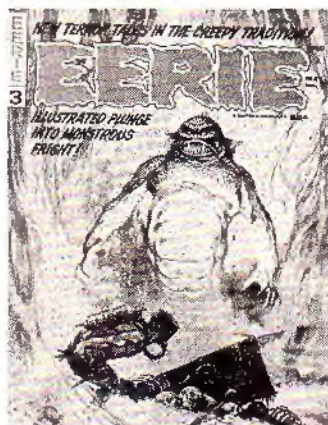
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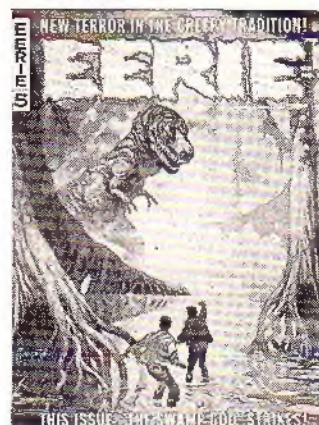
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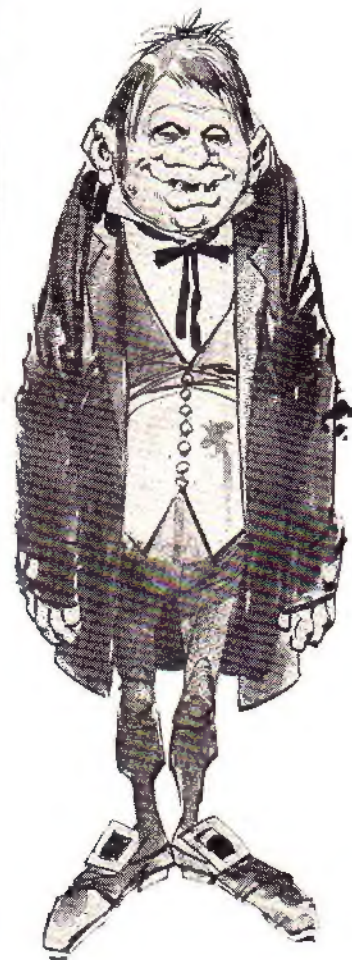
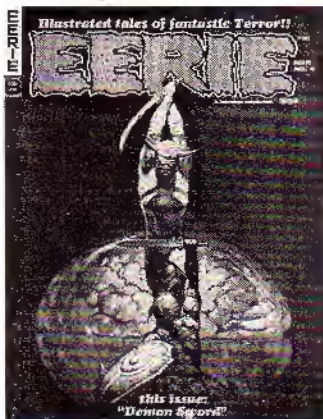
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### CHAPTER 1—The Electrical Brain

The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

### CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carroll Naish) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

### CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secretes himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed

in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

### CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in town, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

### CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

### CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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